VOL. CCXIII, No. 2785

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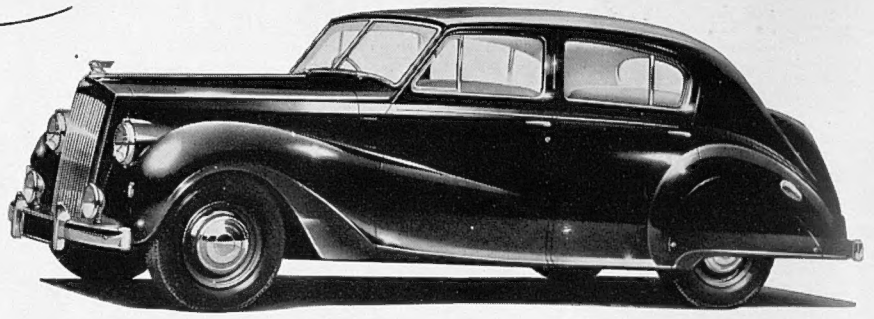

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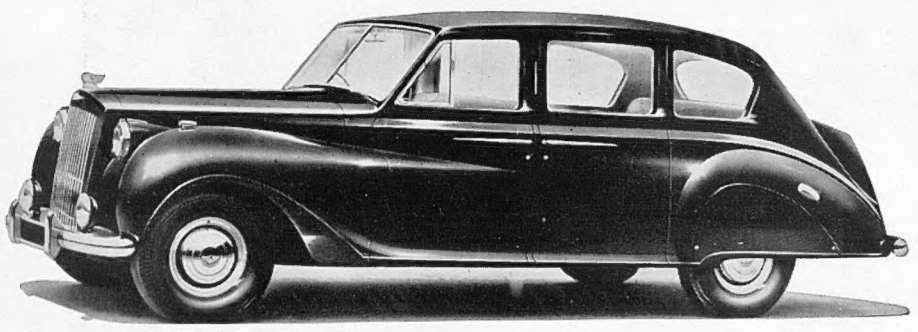

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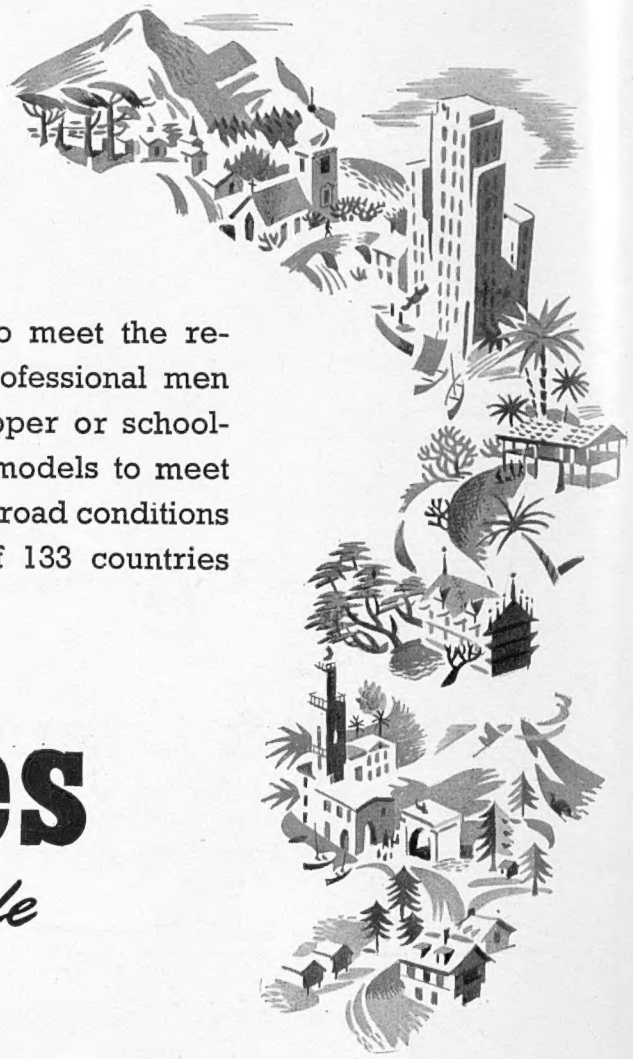

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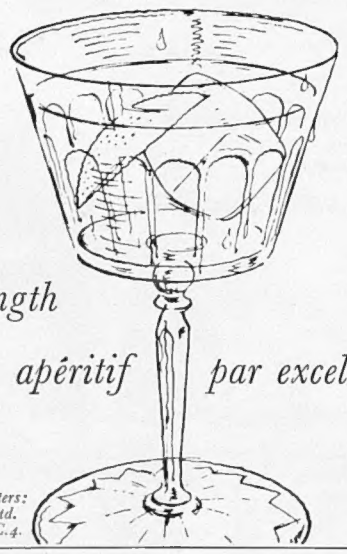

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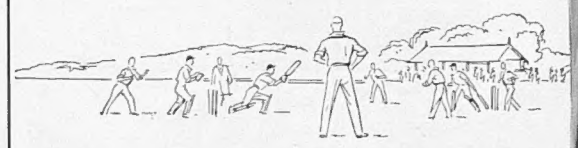

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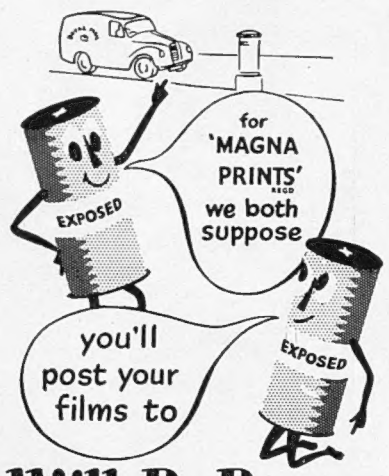

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Volume CCXIII No. 2785 The SPHERE, London, June 27, 1953

The SPHERE

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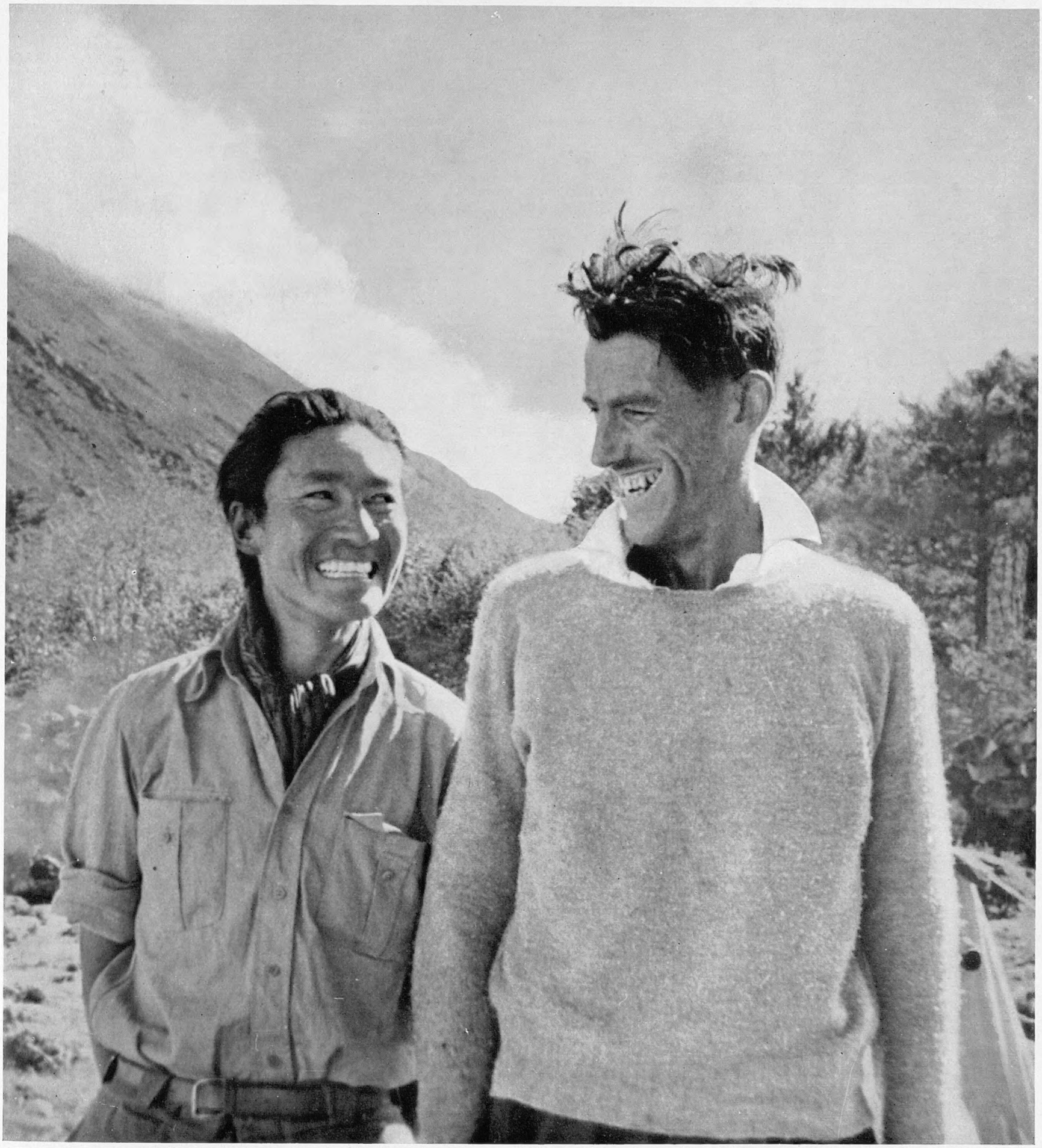


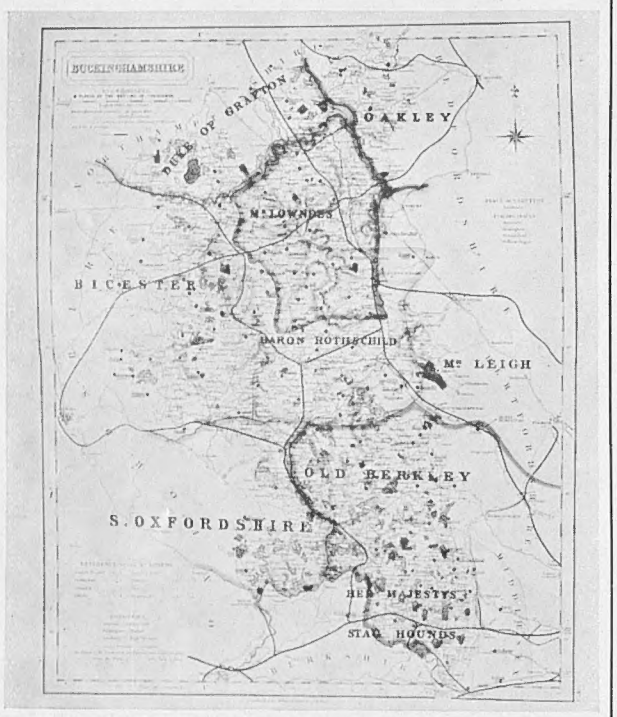
AFTER THE RETURN FROM EVEREST—TENSING NORKEY, THE SIRDAR OF THE SHERPA PORTERS, AND EDMUND HILLARY, THE NEW ZEALAND BEEKEEPER AND MOUNTAINEER, SEEN AT THE CAMP BELOW THYANGBOCHE ON THEIR RETURN FROM EVEREST: All the way back to Katmandu they have been feted along the route, with endless chants of victory sung in every village where the multi-coloured banners were put out in the breeze to mark the great event.

Who reached the summit of Everest first, Tensing Norkey, the Sherpa, or Edmund Hillary, the New Zealander, is an argument which all mountaineers deplore, not least, it can be sure, the two men who, as a result of magnificent team-work by the whole Everest Expedition, reached the goal of long endeavour. The whole matter, it appears, would never have been discussed but for Nepalese insistence that Tensing first reached the top and the visit to Tensing by some excited young nationalists who persuaded him to sign a prepared statement. As Colonel Hunt, the expedition leader, has so rightly said, "The whole subject is of no account." The two men were roped together on this historic journey, and who led at one stage or at another simply does not matter. While the arguments have been raging in Katmandu, the mountaineers have been steadily making their way back from Everest through the last upland villages and so to the little towns of the valley. On June 19 Colonel Hunt, soon to be knighted, trekked out to meet the incoming party whom he had preceded to Katmandu. At the hill village of Hukse they took part in a triumphant march with all the rearguard of the expedition. Endless chants of victory were sung. Subsequently in Katmandu a public meeting was held on the parade-ground, but here unfortunately the nationalist fervour aroused by the name of Tensing was again uppermost. (Further pictures of the climbers appear on page 598.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

MAP-MAKING THROUGH FIVE CENTURIES

A 15-IN. PORTABLE GLOBE (C. 1840) IN SILK, WITH A STEEL "UMBRELLA" FRAME, BY JOHN BETTS: This is one of the 1,000 maps, plans, books and instruments on show at the exhibition entitled "Five Centuries of Maps and Map-Making," at the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, 12, Great George Street, Westminster. The exhibition covers the history of accurate surveying and cartography during the last five centuries, and includes, among historical maps of the Second World War, original German plans for the invasion of England in 1940 and original German records of the Battle of Britain. The original map from the Cabinet War Room is also displayed, and in his remarks at the opening ceremony Earl Alexander said that he often used the map when pointing out various features of military operations.



HUNTING COUNTRY IN THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY: This map, contained in Hobson's *Fox Hunting Atlas*, shows the areas of Buckinghamshire hunts during the last century.

THE DEFENCE MINISTER AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: Earl Alexander and Mr. G. A. Coombe seen looking at Volume I of the eleven volumes of Jansson's *Atlas Major* (1675).

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Naval and Other Occasions.—My first and last experience of a naval review must have been in August 1902, when the world's largest fleet was assembled for King Edward after his postponed Coronation. Why it was that I attended "under school arrangements" I cannot recall, since it would have been holiday time for public schools. There is not much to connect the Fleet assembled in 1902 with the small, efficient range of modern war vessels seen last week. Carriers largely replace battleships, destroyers have the power and size of 1902 cruisers, and the little ships that counter mines, submarines and bombs possess battleship armaments and racing-car speed. That 1902 review at Spithead was "marred by an accident," later turned to good account by the King. It so happened that the ship which carried the three Boer generals, come to plead for leniency for their countrymen in defeat, passed down the lines of the assembling might of Britain. The Boer generals refused a well-meant invitation to watch the show and went on to London. The King was determined to remove some of the bitterness, and did so at a private interview in the Royal Yacht. My only recollection of the Review is of intense fatigue from long and slow train journeys to and fro and an uncomfortable inch of deck space on a hired steamer. But fatigue is the portion of all Servicemen and sightseers who take part in Reviews and other pageantry. The labour and planning involved in even the shortest Royal ceremony to-day is a thing to marvel at and wonder at. But nothing can be left to chance, when the Queen is working to a schedule which cannot afford the loss of a minute in a round of major ceremonies which since June 2 have mortgaged every day, almost every hour, of her time and will continue to do so until August 5, when she goes to Balmoral for a rest. George V's doctors were very proud of the way they nursed his failing strength to enable him to carry on with his kingly duties. George VI's doctors could not deny that overwork contributed to his untimely death. The Queen is young and strong and infinitely willing. No doubt, her advisers know how much she can, and ought to, stand in the way of public appearances. The layman is entitled to his opinion.

Too Good to be True.—The change of heart of the East German Government seems too good to be true. It is always hard to marry repentance to the bride expediency. Nevertheless, such a marriage is made more possible by news out of Russia, an admission of a share of responsibility in the situation in East Germany which led to mass escapes and seething revolt against slavery, injustice and starvation and the policies of Belsen; gestures of friendship towards Austria and Yugoslavia; brotherhood at Spithead, and Highlanders delighting with their pipe-band Russian officers in the Soviet Zone. It is early days (even so late in the day) to quote "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be." Communism has not lost the Test Match but may admit that the West "has something"—a Bedser worth watching—and that, though democratic methods in the West are obviously often cumbersome, slow, expensive and inefficient, ruthlessness can be overdone, social injustice in the end stiffens resistance, slavery ends in revolt, and civility may be a cheap lubricant which reduces the cost and increases the speed of progress.

Tell-Tale Figures.—There is usually a hangover and a "headache" on the morning after the celebrations. After the shouting and the hat-flinging, comes a moment of calm reflection and assessment. Our "balance of trade" figures supply a reason for sober anxiety. While we have revelled, our trade deficit has increased. In the first quarter of 1953, the monthly figure of our deficit ran at about £50,000,000, in April it rose to £70,000,000, last month it was nearer £80,000,000—the highest monthly figure for a year. The cause was increased imports resulting from relaxation of controls combined with stationary exports. Some comfort may be taken from a good record of exports to North America, from a continued overall surplus of the sterling area, from the knowledge born of experience that the trade situation can very quickly change for the better, and even from a vague expectation that invisible business favourable to us has been done while we revelled. But the fact remains that unless we can do better and more than balance our imports with our exports, the new Elizabethan era will be short-lived, and we shall be back to servitude, austerity and mediocrity, to 1951. No one wants to see 1951 conditions again, certainly not Mr. Butler. What tricks of policies has he up his sleeve? It is high time to reveal them.

Queen's Weather.—Queen Victoria would have been seriously annoyed with Providence if that authority had served out in her reign for her most notable ceremonial functions the weather we have suffered from since June 1. Modern democratic monarchy accepts it that the elements are no respecters of persons and acknowledge no Queen's weather. Accordingly, when it will, the rain falls on the just and the unjust, the high and the humble. In fact, our weather is very democratic indeed. It supplies fair shares (or foul) for all. And the best retort we can offer is totally to neglect it, as the Queen does and as the crowd does, to carry on with smiles as if weather didn't exist or, at least, is of no importance at all. That is the accepted best way in which to treat bores and "familiar," tiresome people. On the theory of averages or bare justice, the remaining Coronation ceremonies should be assured of fine weather, but the trouble is that though Coronation Day, the Trooping the Review, Ascot, and some of the Queen's progresses were marked, though not marred, by bad weather, the rainfall for the year is still abnormally below average, and there is a vast amount of it inevitably ahead of us. When rain spoils a cricket match, a public ceremony or a village fete, one at least asks it to do the nasty job in the grand manner. Unfortunately, less than one-tenth of an inch can spoil an open-air function quite as effectively as a cloudburst.

The "Princess Victoria"—a Shocking Report.—The *Princess Victoria* sank with the loss of 133 lives on January 31 in the Irish Sea. She had been built long ago to replace an earlier ship on the cross-channel service for the better accommodation of cars and passengers. She was motor-driven. Long before the accident which sank her, she had been suspect. Members of the crew of the vessel she replaced openly and frequently declared that she might do for a summer service, but could not be made to pay because, in the nature of her construction, she could not safely risk winter passages.

A NEW PORTRAIT FOR MR. SPEAKER'S HOUSE

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE VISCOUNT RUFFSIDE OF HEXHAM, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS 1943-51: This portrait of the former Colonel Douglas Clifton Brown, P.C., D.L., J.P., has been painted by Sir William O. Hutchinson, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, at the command of a Committee of Members of Parliament under the chairmanship of Sir Ralph Glyn (now a peer). It commemorates Viscount Ruffside's term as Speaker and occupies a prominent position in the State Dining Room of the Speaker's House. In the background is the "Churchill" Arch, showing the entrance to the House of Commons. A study for the portrait part of the picture is in this year's Royal Academy. Viscount Ruffside entered Parliament in 1918 and was appointed Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker in 1938.

Whether such prophecies were well-founded or no, no attention was paid to the head-shakings. She was employed regularly, gave more than one warning of her unseaworthiness, and finally capsized with a majority of her crew and complement. And now the Transport Minister's Court of Enquiry has issued its findings, and they are unanimous and terrible. The Transport Commission had totally neglected the warnings of men who knew what they were talking about. For years the vessel had been allowed to sail in winter to her (one day) inevitable doom. Such is the gravamen of the report. The Transport Authority has a terrible catalogue of charges to reply to. Until it does so convincingly, we are entitled to believe that here is one more public body, over-centralised, unwieldy, withholding from its officers that *personal* responsibility for vital matters of public safety and welfare which alone can supply efficiency and pride in service. But I believe there is another view to be heard. Why did the ship change course which caused her to be pooped ? And was any scientific test neglected before her design was approved ? She proved seaworthy for nearly twenty winters.

"The Pen is Mightier . . ."—Trent Bridge is a word of terror for our crack batsmen. On the morning after the first day of the first Test, I read *The Times*' light article on *the sword and the pen*. The petulant fan of English cricket might be pardoned if he concluded that the pen of our cricket-journalist stars is mightier (or bulks larger) than the bat. The cream of our batting whittled out on an easy wicket for a two-figure score. It was not Notts marl. Was it the usual panic ? Or was it writer's cramp ? Petulant and lacking faith, since every lover of England knows that she always loses her first battles and often at last pops her enemy into her triumphal victory car. And every student of cricket knows and has faith in the glorious uncertainties of a day's cricket. Within a few hours of "England's shame," Bedser had once more done the impossible and Australia had been whittled out for an old song—a song which will long be sung. After that, it hardly mattered whether England won, or Australia or the weather, the odds-on favourite. One of the most exciting days of Test cricket had been played and added to the game's history. Mightier pens than mine will do it justice. But why don't we play these matches in a glass-domed stadium ?

Privilege and Publicity.—As a loyal subject of the Queen, to whom Royal commands, invitations, Coronation medals, and so forth, do not issue, I do *not* subscribe to the views of those publicists who think that charming mill-girls and land girls would have done the jobs in the Abbey as gracefully as the daughters of privilege. I feel also that the Royal family is as much entitled to cherish and favour its own circle of friends as I am, and, finally, I am convinced that our Royal family is as deeply interested in the doings of the "common people" as a democratic monarchy can possibly be, and has proved it in these last gruelling weeks. That said, I confess that I should welcome now some relief from the nonstop publicity given daily by social columnists and fashion writers to the dress-worries and other personalities of the "hundred best people" who invariably make up the Royal circle at ceremonial Court functions. Privilege has had a long run since Coronation fever started, and some of us grow bored with privilege publicity. In a word, I cry "Pray Silence" to the fashion writers, who bore me stiff, even if their readers can never have enough news of the Duchess's new tiara and Lady Angela's Ascot dress worries, for there are 50,000,000 less colourful people in this island, and they have 1,000,000 small, important interests of their own.

Rhee Throws in His Spanner.—"Save me from my friends" has a meaning in war as in peace. A nation at war can take measure of its enemy and with care and courage ascertain its worst potential and resist it, but its own allies are not so easily summed up nor its possible actions safeguarded. President Rhee has long been a note of interrogation among the U.N. nations fighting in Korea, and his action in deliberately wrecking the long-drawn-out armistice negotiations by the release of thousands of anti-Communist prisoners in U.N. hands can hardly fail to have killed the hopes raised at last of an early truce, and can hardly encourage America or Britain and the rest to continue to pour out blood and treasure to work matters the way Rhee would have them. True, the cynic may say that America and the U.N. spent themselves and fought in Korea for a principle-carrying *interest*. There is usually something material bound up in a spiritual ideal, and a settled, peaceful Korea is of vital importance to the security which the Western world needs in the Far East. Yet it seems difficult to believe that, whatever the cool thinking of their Governments may advise, the peoples of the U.N. will continue to offer up their sons on the altar of Rhee's personal or nationalistic ambitions. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

SCOTLAND WELCOMES THE QUEEN

A Pictorial Record of Her Majesty's Coronation Visit to Edinburgh and Other Scottish Burghs

"ROYAL JOURNEY"—A CENTURY OF ROYAL RAILWAY TRAVEL

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BEDROOM ON WHEELS : This is one of the exhibits in "Royal Journey," an exhibition of Royal trains at Battersea Wharf Station, London, S.E.

The Coronation Year exhibition of Royal trains, which opened last week at Battersea, tells the story of travel of Kings and Queens on the railways of Great Britain. Its title is "Royal Journey," and it includes actual Royal coaches from 1842 up to the days of King George VI. The exhibition shows for the first time the direct effect Royal journeys have had on the comfort of the ordinary traveller for the special luxuries which were first introduced in one or other of the magnificent Royal coaches built during the nineteenth century have since become standard practice. The most ornate coaches on view are those used by Queen Victoria, and they are in marked contrast to the two built for the use of King Edward VII.

On right—

A COAT-OF-ARMS ON QUEEN VICTORIA'S TRAIN : Looking at the emblem are, from left : Mr. John Elliott, Chairman, Railway Executive, Lord Leathers, Secretary of State for the Co-ordination of Transport, and Mr. John Scholes, Curator of Historical Relics.

WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA HELD COURT DURING HER JOURNEYS BY RAIL : This was the Queen's sitting-room as used by her from 1869. Queen Victoria had several instruments installed so that she could keep watch over the speed and her servants. A semaphore signal controlled from her carriage informed the driver whether to go slower, faster or stop, while her equerries used two blow pipes, one marked "Servants" and the other "Directors."

ROYAL ASCOT
AMID THE RAIN

The Victory of the Queen's Horse, Choir Boy, in a Notable Race for the Royal Hunt Cup

It was not a black Ascot. How could it be with a Royal victory? It was indeed, despite the weather, a grand Ascot for English racing, and although the Gold Cup was only retained in this country by the shortest of short heads, the fact that the Boussac challenge was held off and our staying thoroughbreds covered themselves in glory. It was not really an Ascot of high fashion either, for how could the ladies in the Royal Enclosure emerge in all their summer creations with rain threatening on most days? A suit was, in fact, the smart thing to wear on Ascot's opening day, and, needless to say, Madame Volterra, of Paris, the wife of the late Leon Volterra, the distinguished racehorse owner, was among those who set the pattern.

The Royal Ascot of Coronation year must really be set down as an apprehensive Ascot, in which people came prepared for the worst, both as regards racing and weather, and went away pleasantly surprised and mildly satisfied.

Perhaps the true badge of courage goes to the beautiful maharanees, who clung to their exotic but chilly saris, or, perhaps, to that ubiquitous tipster Ras Prince Monolulu, who this year sported a matching cummerbund and an umbrella in the Royal Stewart tartan.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN AN OPEN LANDAU DRAWN BY THE WINDSOR GREYS, DRIVE DOWN THE COURSE AND RECEIVE A GREAT OVATION AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING: Royal Ascot was far from favoured by the weather, and on the second day the Queen's drive was cancelled, as in view of the soft going damage might have been done to the turf. It proved a truly Royal Ascot, however, the Queen's horse, Choir Boy, nobly winning the Royal Hunt Cup on the second day of the meeting to make amends in part for Aureole's defeat in the Derby.

A GUEST OF THE QUEEN IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE: Lady Anne Coke, one of the Queen's six maids of honour at the Coronation, wearing a Royal monogram in the lapel of her coat.

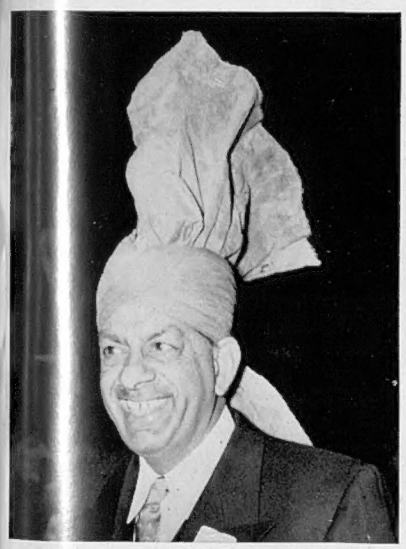
SOME NOTABILITIES FROM OVERSEAS: *Left*—The Begum Aga Khan in a striking ensemble well-suited to the uncertain weather conditions. *Right*—The Maharanee of Baroda with the Princess of Cooch Behar. The Maharanee is a most enthusiastic and knowledgeable race-goer.

THEY CAME DOWN TO SEE THE ROYAL VICTOR LED IN: The Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent awaiting the arrival of Choir Boy after the colt's victory in the Royal Hunt Cup. The victory was all the more welcome in that it was a little unexpected, Choir Boy having proved a very difficult horse to train.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET JOIN CHOIR BOY IN THE ENCLOSURE: This four-year-old, bred at the Royal Stud by Hyperion, the Derby winner, out of Choral, galloped resolutely home to register a Royal victory, much to the delight of everyone on the course. Choir Boy had previously won only one small race. The colt was ridden at Ascot by D. Smith.

REJOICING IN THE ROYAL BOX: The Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and the Queen all show their delight as the Queen's horse, Choir Boy, wins the Royal Hunt Cup. Toppers were held aloft in the Royal enclosure as Choir Boy went past the post a convincing winner. In fact, the cheers had begun three furlongs out, when Choir Boy showed that he had the measure of the field.

FINE FEATHERS FOR ASCOT: *Left*—Mrs. George Williams in an osprey hat. *Right*—Mrs. Jeffery Fairbain with a bird of paradise feather adorning her hat.



A MONUMENTAL HEADGEAR: His Excellency Raja Ghazanfar Ali Khan, the Pakistanian Ambassador to Turkey, wore this turban of pale blue and gold.

SHE CARRIED A MUFF FOR SUMMER WEAR: Mrs. Gerald Legge won admiring attention on Royal Hunt Cup day.

UMBRELLAS WERE OUT AS BETTING STARTED ON THE JERSEY STAKES: Crowds seen in the vicinity of the totalisator, with umbrellas and sunshades and mackintoshes much in evidence. This proved to be a good betting race, with Gordon Richards winning on the 4 to 1 chance Rhinehart. Although attendance at Ascot was slightly smaller this year, the receipts were higher.

FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

PRISON GUARDS TAKE UP POSITION AT SING SING: The barriers were erected on the night before the Rosenbergs died to check any possible demonstration by the public in the area of the prison.

The atom spies Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were electrocuted in Sing Sing Prison on Friday of last week, their last appeal for mercy to President Eisenhower and their last appeal to the Supreme Court having failed. To the end the Rosenbergs refused to make a confession, although a telephone line from Sing Sing to Washington was kept open in case they should decide to tell all, and thus win Presidential clemency.

In turning down the last appeal, Mr. Eisenhower declared: "The Rosenbergs have received the benefit of every safeguard which American justice can provide."

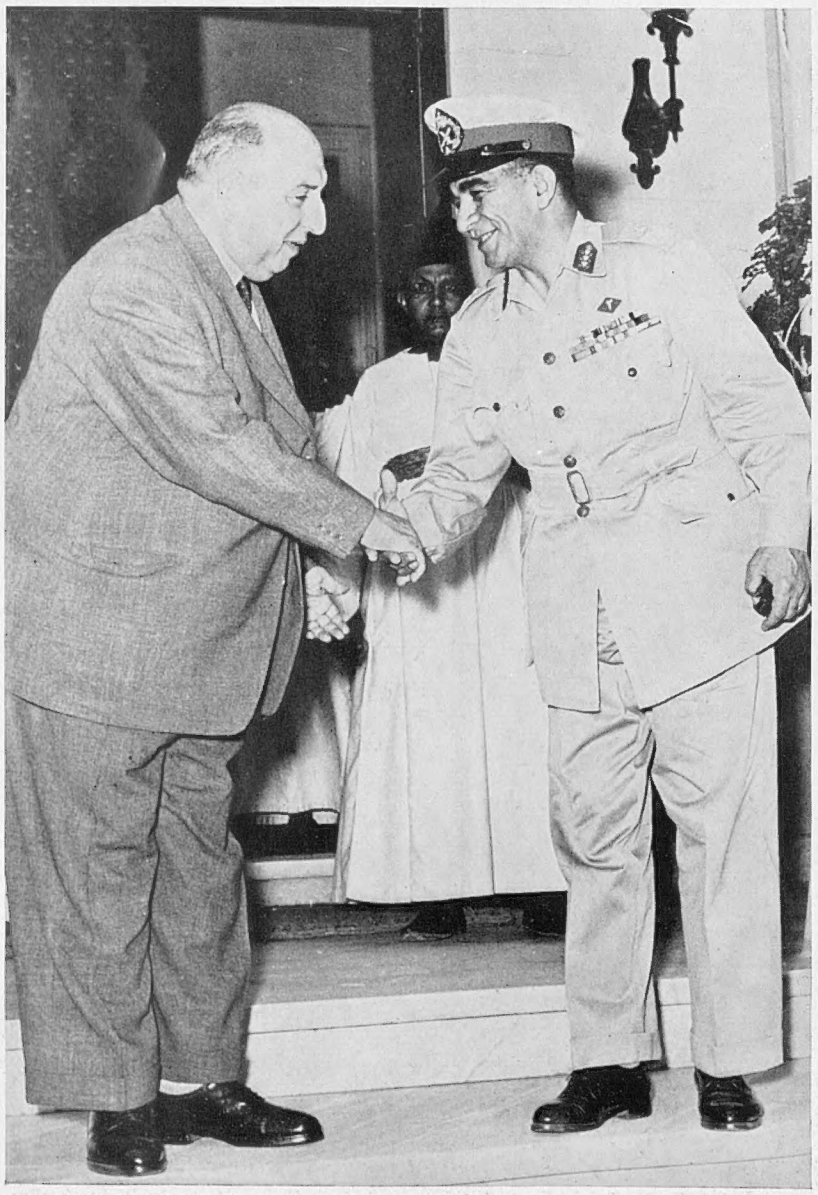
Thus ended the two-year-long duel for the life of the husband and wife who had jointly stolen the secrets of Los Alamos, with the help of Ethel Rosenberg's brother, David Greenglass, and who had relayed those secrets to the Russians, giving away so many details, indeed, that when Truman met Stalin at Potsdam and told the Soviet Chief of America's new wonder bomb, Stalin evinced no surprise.

The impending death of the Rosenbergs provoked scenes in many of the world's great cities. In London 2,000 people marched with banners through the West End. They held up Coronation decoration sightseers by sitting in the roadway in Regent Street, and they sent a delegation to the Prime Minister in Downing Street.

On June 21 a funeral service was held in Brooklyn for the Rosenbergs. The bodies had been brought from Sing Sing by the National Rosenberg Committee, which undertook the funeral arrangements, and an all-night vigil was held in one of New York's largest mortuary chapels. Many hundreds of people filed past the biers. Five hundred people attended the service, while a crowd of 10,000 waited outside in the burning heat of a June day.

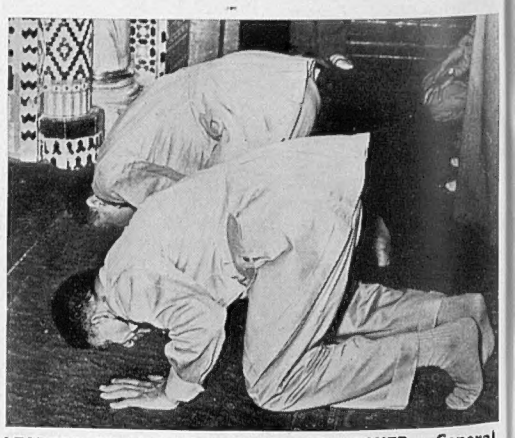
Julius Rosenberg, who is said to have been the master agent in a labyrinth of spies and couriers covering all the United States, grew up with parents who were immigrants from Russia in the section of Manhattan known as the Lower East side, an area of extreme poverty. In 1939 he graduated as an electrical engineer at New York City College and married Ethel Greenglass, with whom he had been courting since high school days. Ethel, like her husband-to-be, was also a product of the depressed riverside area. Like him, she was a second generation American, her father coming from Russia and her mother from Austria. During the war Julius worked as a civilian employee of the Army Signals Corps. He was sacked in 1945 on the accusation that he was a member of the Communist Party. F.B.I. men arrested him on June 17, 1950, and later they arrested his wife, accusing them both of transmitting defence secrets to Russia through the Soviet Vice-Consul Anotoli Yakovlev. They were condemned to death in March 1951.

THE CHIEF SURGEON OF SING SING TAKES HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE DEATH HOUSE: Dr. Harold W. Kipp leaving the prison courtyard after pronouncing the Rosenbergs dead. Newspaper men are seen walking beside him. They had also been witnesses of the carrying out of the death sentence.



THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF EGYPT MAKES A COURTESY CALL: General Neguib is seen shaking hands with ex-Prince Abdul Moneim, who was the Regent from the time of ex-King Farouk's abdication until Egypt was proclaimed a Republic.

MEMBERS OF THE EGYPTIAN REVOLUTIONARY COUNCIL WHO PROCLAIMED EGYPT A REPUBLIC: In the front row (from left to right) are Wing-Commander Abdel Latif Boghdadi, the new Minister of War and Marine; Lieut.-Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, deputy Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior; General Neguib, President and Prime Minister; Major-General Abdel Hakim Amer, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces; Major Salah Salem, Minister of National Guidance and Minister of State for Sudan Affairs; and Lieut.-Colonel Anwal Sadat. The proclamation of the Egyptian Republic, ending one of the world's oldest monarchies, came just under a year after General Neguib's seizure of power and King Farouk's enforced abdication. The country had been prepared for the event in easy stages and the proclamation resulted in no overt opposition. It is believed that General Neguib originally intended to proclaim the Republic on July 23, the anniversary of the military coup of last year, but that he brought the date forward for political reasons. The new system of Government, it is announced, will be continued for a three-year period, at the end of which the nation will be asked to decide by plebiscite whether to continue the Republic.



LEADERS OF THE NEW EGYPT AT PRAYER: General Neguib (foreground) with the Deputy Premier, Lieut.-Colonel Nasser, in the Al Hussein Mosque, after the Republic proclamation last week.

RUSSIAN KIDNAPPERS ARE FOILED BY ALLIED MILITARY POLICE IN VIENNA : Military police stand by the International patrol car in which a group of Russians attempted to escape after their would-be kidnapping attempt. The story of the Russian attempt to kidnap thirty-one-year-old Czechoslovakian refugee Jaroslav Lukas reads like the scenario of a Hollywood gangster film. The three Russians, who were dressed in civilian clothes, forced their way into Lukas's apartment in the American Sector of Vienna. Lukas fought off his attackers with vigour, stabbing one of them. A policeman, called by the landlady of the apartment, then came upon the scene and held the Russians up at pistol-point, until patrols, containing military police from each of the four Powers, arrived. Two of the kidnappers were hustled into the back of the car, and the third man, who attempted to escape, was overpowered by passers-by in the street. On a word in Russian from one of the kidnappers in the back of the car, the Russian member of the police patrol jumped into the driving seat and attempted to drive off. An American member of the patrol immediately leaped on to the running board of the car and grabbed the steering wheel, causing the car to ram another patrol-car. The kidnappers were then taken to a police station where their particulars were noted, and then, in accordance with the Four Powers' ruling, the kidnappers were handed back to the Russian authorities.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPING OF JAROSLAV LUKAS, IN VIENNA : The car in which the Russians attempted to escape is seen turned into the side of another police patrol car. This attempt by the Russians to kidnap the Czechoslovakian refugee came soon after a speech by Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, in which he protested strongly about the International spying activities which were corrupting Austria.

PRISONERS-OF-WAR IN SOUTH KOREA WHO WERE INJURED IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE : This picture, taken at a camp near Inchon, shows some of the prisoners who were injured when United Nations forces tried to prevent one of the mass escapes instigated by President Syngman Rhee. It was estimated that altogether about 26,000 prisoners were allowed to escape by the South Koreans, seriously prejudicing an armistice in Korea and presenting the United Nations with a dilemma of unprecedented difficulty.

THE SOUTH KOREAN PRIME MINISTER HURRIES HOME AFTER AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO WASHINGTON : Paik Too Chin, the Prime Minister (left), is seen off by the South Korean Ambassador, You Chan Yang, after cutting short his visit to the U.S. because of "unforeseen developments" at home.

On right—

THE BODY OF VASLAV NIJINSKY IS REBURIED IN THE MONTMARTRE CEMETERY IN PARIS : The prominent French ballet dancer, Serge Lifar, who arranged the reburial, sprinkles holy water on the flower-strewn coffin before the interment in Paris. Standing on the right in the crowded cemetery is Michel Renaud. Also present at the ceremony were Nijinsky's sister and M. Maurice Lehmann, Director of the Paris Opera. Nijinsky was originally buried at the St. Marylebone Churchyard in London following his death at a London clinic on April 8, 1950.

The RETURNING CONQUERORS of EVEREST

MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION ON THEIR WAY BACK TO KATMANDU— COLONEL HUNT'S MEETING WITH HIS WIFE

TENSING'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS HEAR THE NEWS OF SUCCESS: Mrs. Ang Lahmoo (centre) with Nima (left) and Pem Pem seen together in Darjeeling, when the daughters described to their mother, who is unable to read, the accounts of Tensing's success in scaling the heights of Everest with Edmund Hillary. The subsequent controversy as to who got to the summit first has since brought Tensing and the other members of the victorious expedition a great deal of unwanted publicity.

TEA AND CIGARETTES AT BHATGAON: Colonel John Hunt (right), the leader of the Mount Everest Expedition, seen with Charles Evans (left) and Tom Bourdillon as they made a halt in this Nepalese town en route back to Katmandu. Mr. Bourdillon had to return to England hurriedly, owing to his wife's illness, and Colonel Hunt went to Katmandu to meet his wife and make arrangements for the expedition's return to England.

THE MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION'S CAMP BELOW THYANGBOCHE: Here, amid the sunshine of the valley, far below the peak they had conquered, the members of the expedition gathered before starting the return journey to Katmandu. The party were all in the best of health, although suffering from some fatigue after enduring the rigours of the mountain.

COLONEL HUNT MEETS HIS WIFE AT KATMANDU: The leader of the British Mount Everest Expedition embraces Mrs. Hunt as she descends from her aircraft. When the news of the success of the expedition became known a firm volunteered to defray the cost of Mrs. Hunt's passage to Nepal.

BREAKFASTING AT THEIR CAMP BELOW THYANGBOCHE: Members of the British Expedition seen in their encampment, where they "thawed out" after the great climb. This was their last chance for peace and quietude before the triumphal journey through the towns and villages of Nepal.

"THE DEVIL DANCE OF DELIGHT" IS PERFORMED IN HONOUR OF THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST: From a gallery in Thyangboche Monastery members of the British Everest Expedition were privileged spectators, as with cymbals clashing Buddhist priests presented in the courtyard a devil dance dedicated to the climbers. The original version takes a day to perform. For this matinee a number of judicious cuts were made in the dance.

CROWDS WATCH AS A COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA BOOTH WAS BURNT AFTER IT HAD BEEN SET ON FIRE BY THE EAST BERLIN DEMONSTRATORS: This was on the second day of the anti-Communist revolt in East Berlin, when the original protest march of the building workers from the Stalinallee site had grown into a menacing demonstration of workers from many industries in many parts of East Berlin. The original protests against higher "norms" of work had also developed into a general call for freedom and into a battle between Red Army troops and the workers. Leipzig, Dresden, Magdeburg and Halle were also said to be involved in the revolt.

A SQUADRON OF RUSSIAN TANKS CLEARS THE GOVERNMENT AREA IN EAST BERLIN AT THE HEIGHT OF THE REVOLT: About 12,000 Soviet troops with the aid of 260 tanks were called into action to quell the revolt. The troops dug themselves in at main crossing points with machine-guns and light artillery. All key points were dominated, and a state of emergency was declared. It is believed that seven people were killed and over 120 were wounded in East Berlin alone.

ANTI-COMMUNIST REVOLT IN EAST BERLIN

RED ARMY TANKS PATROL THE CITY IN ORDER TO CRUSH THE GENERAL RISING

Last week Germany was the scene of one of the most extraordinary manifestations of the post-war years, when the workers of East Berlin, groaning under the weight of economic and political oppression, revolted against their Communist masters in a bid for freedom which, because of the proximity of Western observers, quickly became known throughout the world. From a spontaneous strike of building workers, who downed tools against the new work "norms" established this month, requiring 10 per cent. more work for the same pay, the trouble spread, with more and more workers joining in to shout for freedom, to call for free elections, for a reduction of food prices, and for the abandonment of the idea of a People's Army. It was rather like 1848 all over again, this spontaneous outburst of long-smouldering resentment. The East German Government's response to the outburst was at first mild, with the People's Police hardly intervening at all. Later the police toughened in their attitude, and then came the troops, 12,000 of them in all, with tanks to help. Bloodshed inevitably followed, and then there was the final tragedy when the Soviet Military Commandant, General Dibrova, signed the order for the shooting of Willi Goettling, an unemployed building worker, who was convicted by the military as an organiser of the provocations and disturbances in the Soviet Sector of Berlin. The execution caused a storm of protest, Professor Reuter, the Burgomaster of West Berlin, describing it "as an abominable act." The three Allied commandants in West Berlin joined in the protest, and meanwhile by sheer force of arms order was restored in East Berlin and the sector was sealed off from the West.

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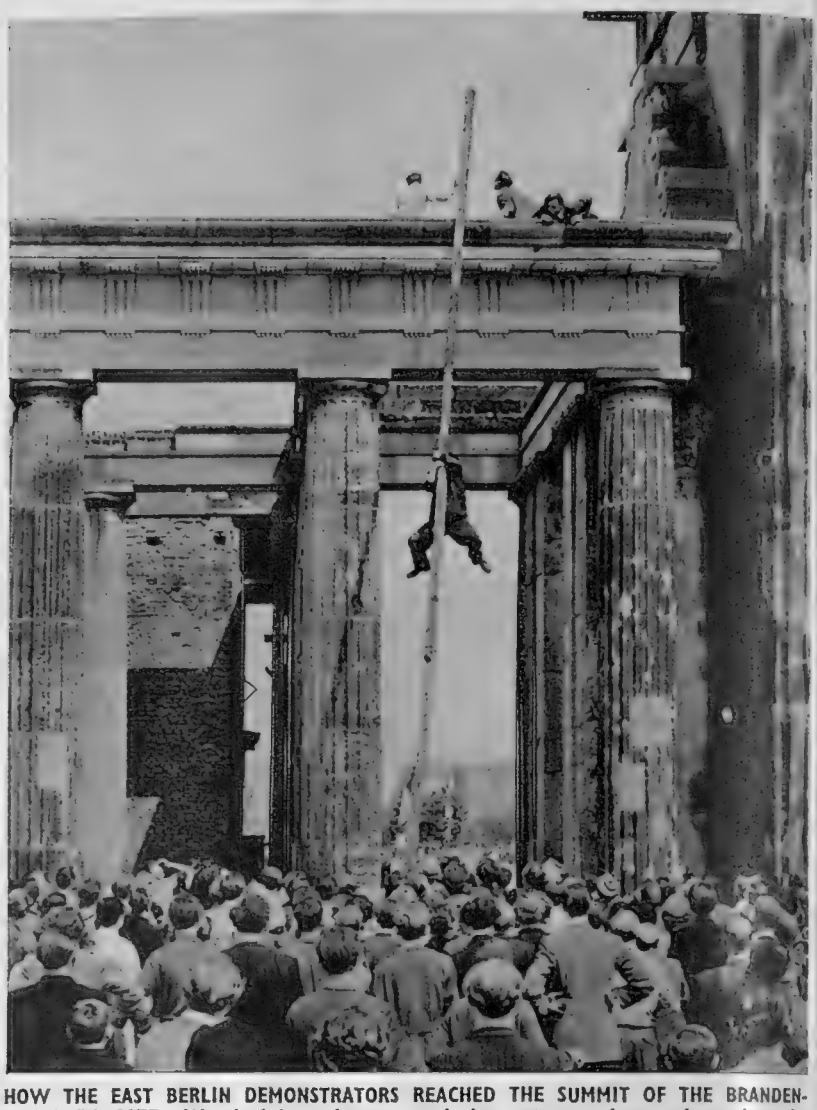
ANTI-COMMUNIST REVOLT IN EAST BERLIN

THE RED FLAG IS HAULED DOWN FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE BRANDENBURG GATE, ON THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN EAST AND WEST BERLIN : This was one of many symbolic acts by which the workers of East Berlin demonstrated resentment against the Communist Government and desire for freedom.



HOW THE EAST BERLIN DEMONSTRATORS REACHED THE SUMMIT OF THE BRANDENBURG GATE : Watched by a large crowd they set up a long pole against the stonework and climbed laboriously to the summit. They then removed the Red flag and replaced it with the colours of Berlin. Police did not intervene.

MORE SYMBOLIC ACTS BY THE BERLIN WORKERS : *Left*—Watched by a large crowd, demonstrators throw People's Police uniforms from the windows of a Government store on the Potsdamerplatz. A cheer went up as each batch of equipment was hurled to the ground. *Right*—Demolishing a Communist sector border sign with the aid of a large stone. It was not until the following day that the grim machinery of reprisals was set in motion and the Soviet Military Commandant took over full control.

WHAT RUSSIAN TANKS AND TROOPS AND PEOPLE'S POLICE CAN DO : A street in the Government centre cleared of demonstrators during the revolt. The building on the left was formerly Goering's Air Ministry.

FROM A VANTAGE POINT IN THE U.S. SECTOR : West Berlin workers watching the burning of a Soviet propaganda booth across the boundary in East Berlin. The workers of the Western Sector have been holding meetings to support the East Berliners.

A COMMUNIST PARTY OFFICIAL'S CAR IS OVERTURNED BY RIOTING EAST BERLINERS : This incident took place in front of the Red Labour Union headquarters on Unter den Linden. Demonstrators on the right are making off, probably because of the approach of police or troops.

TWO DEVELOPMENTS IN THE WESTERN SECTOR : *Left*—Youthful demonstrators burning the red flag, which was thrown down from the summit of the Brandenburg Tor by the East German youths who climbed to the top of the gateway. The Russians put another flag in its place in the course of the following night. *Right*—West German Police taking into custody a Communist East German official, who was hustled across the boundary. The official was returned to the East Sector on the following day.

THE NORTHERN EXIT OF THE WATERWAY WHICH CUTS THROUGH THE GREAT GLEN OF SCOTLAND: The River Ness flowing beneath the turrets of the County building at Inverness. From the topmost turret on a clear day the visitor can obtain wonderful views across the Beauly Firth and the Moray Firth. Inverness, regarded as the capital of the Highlands, was a place of importance under the early Kings of Scotland. It was also a Pictish centre.

THE GREAT GLEN OF SCOTLAND

The Mighty Cleft Through the Heart of the Highlands, Where 150 Years Ago Telford Started Work on His Vast Engineering Project the Caledonian Canal; its Historic Associations and Some Landmarks on the Route

By NEIL M. GUNN

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY W. DOUGLAS MACLEOD

WHERE THE CALEDONIAN CANAL WINDS THROUGH THE GREAT GLEN BETWEEN LOCH LINNHE AND LOCH LOCHY: The canal near Strone, at the foot of Druim Fada. Although Telford began the work of construction in 1803, the canal was not opened until 1822. Telford thought that warships might be able to use it.

Thomas Telford, the son of an Eskdale shepherd, who devoted his skill and energies so unreservedly to the development of his native land, set out exactly 150 years ago to transform the Great Glen of Scotland by the construction of the Caledonian Canal, which he truly believed would bring vast prosperity to his country, beginning his task thirty years after James Watt had made his first survey of the Glen. In linking the various fresh-water lochs to make a highway from coast to coast, it was Telford's view that there would develop a very profitable trade in timber to be conveyed from the Baltic ports to the western ports of Great Britain and Ireland. But this hope was defeated by the Government of the day, which in levying an almost prohibitory duty on Baltic timber in favour of Canadian timber deflected the whole trend of trade to Scotland's disadvantage. Telford's feat in linking the various fresh-water lochs was a truly remarkable one, however, and he overcame a host of engineering difficulties. Although the work was begun in 1803, it was nineteen years before the first ship travelled through the Great Glen from sea to sea. By then the vast enterprise had cost nearly a million sterling, twice the sum estimated, and Telford had received a paltry £237 a year for all his labour. In the following article Neil Gunn, the distinguished novelist, describes the Great Glen as it is to-day, and he takes us, too, into the more distant past, long before Telford's day, pointing out some of the more dramatic features of the landscape and some of the notable events with which the Glen is linked in history. W. Douglas Macleod contributes a series of special drawings which he made during a recent visit to the Great Glen.

OF all the glens in Scotland this is indeed the Great Glen. It took a convulsion to bring it about in remote geological time and the fracture ran straight from sea to sea. Scotland has been a bit thin-skinned here ever since, with the old fracture quaking now and then. But it is quiet at the moment and its passage safe enough or there would have been no grant for the construction of the excellent highway that traverses it from Inverness, on the North Sea, to Fort William, on the Atlantic.

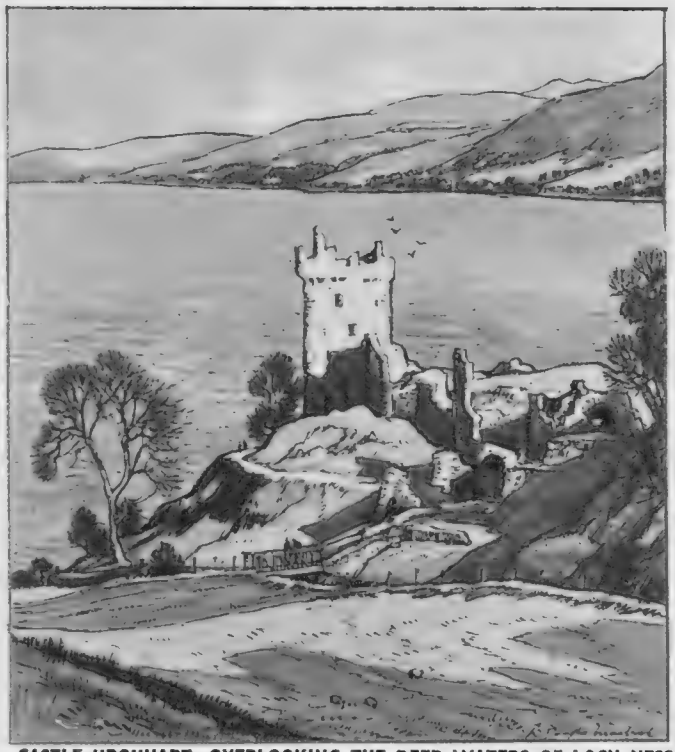
As for the revenant from that geological past, the beast that comes up through the crack to astonish an occasional traveller, it hasn't so far proved dangerous. Though in these days of the cœlacanth, even gentlemen of some scientific attainment may have had a slight quake in their certainty that the Loch Ness monster does not exist. I forget how many millions of years have passed since the living cœlacanth became extinct, but we do possess a record in Latin of the first historic appearance of

LOCH NESS FROM KNOCKIE FOREST, NEAR MEALFOURVOUNIE : The loch, which forms part of the water highway of the Caledonian Canal, is 22½ miles long and has an average breadth of about 1 mile.

the monster. It was in the sixth century when St. Columba was on his way from Iona to Inverness, and the saint, who was also a statesman, dealt so adequately with the beast that it has been a little shy of strangers ever since.

Inverness was an important place even then, for King Brude lived there and Columba had come to make a Christian of him. Being only a crude savage, King Brude was courtly and tolerant, even in the crucial matter of religious disputation, which indeed he left to his druids. In the verbal battle royal between Columba and the Chief Druid, the King rather thought that Columba had the better of it, so he accepted the new faith. Possibly an emissary from New York to the Kremlin, or vice versa, would hardly achieve such results in the way of conversion to-day. And druidism had probably 2,000 or 3,000 years behind it at that. But I confess what astonished me even more was that these ancient Highlanders celebrated the occasion with *drinking-glasses*.

Inverness still has some excellent drinking-glasses and no fewer than three distilleries of the old and best pot-still kind. It would be undruidic to attempt a rigid assessment of values where palates may differ, yet I have long been converted to the opinion that a man will travel far in the Highlands before he finds the equal of a drop of Glen Mhor at its best, which is to say when it is rising twelve years or so in a sherry hogshead. The name is a peculiar blend of English and Gaelic for this same Great Glen, but the whisky itself is a single malt.



CASTLE URQUHART, OVERLOOKING THE DEEP WATERS OF LOCH NESS AT STRONE POINT : Castle Urquhart dates back to the twelfth century and has been the scene of countless battles. The grim old walls, from which molten lead was once poured down through special slits, overlook a very deep part of the loch.

For reasons that London and New York may know, a single malt is as difficult to come by in Inverness as a distinguished historic building, for the town has had a few turbulent times since the days of Brude. You will look in vain for Macbeth's castle, of which King Duncan said : " This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses." The present castle was built in the last century on the site where Bonnie Prince Charlie blew up the old one just before Culloden. But a vitrified fort on a hill by the town is much older than Macbeth. And Culloden, with its graves and cairn, is only a few miles away, commemorating the last battle fought on British *soil*. Beyond it are stone circles. History was always in the making hereabouts, and a museum in the town has gathered many of its bits and pieces.

Inverness deserves its reputation as a centre for tourist traffic. It is a pleasant town, with islands in its broad river, and a day's run in a car can take in such celebrated pieces of scenery as Loch Maree or Glen Affric. Its shops have tartans and its societies Gaelic learning. Dr. Johnson, who visited the town, decided that the fine English spoken by the inhabitants was a legacy from the time when Cromwell and his English troops did some characteristic business here. It was a long shot by the learned Doctor, but in his characteristic anti-Scots fashion he had it, without waiting to wonder what kind or kinds of English dialects Cromwell's troops did use.

But it is time we left the capital of the Highlands and, after crossing the Ness and the Caledonian Canal and passing by the remarkable cemetery on a hill called Tomnahurich, took a south-west bearing down the Great Glen. Woods and farmland and hill, private policies and maybe a yacht or two, before Loch Ness breaks on the view in all its twenty-two miles of length. I have rarely seen it look twice the same, and some of its atmospheric effects set distant mountains against a remote sky in an astonishing and uplifting manner. Its mile or more of width is just enough to set off its high, steeply-wooded sides. The first village is Drumnadrochit and beyond it the land runs into a promontory on which the well-preserved ruins of Castle Urquhart stand, with its unusual window arrangements for pouring molten lead upon its enemies.

But the English were here, too, as well as the Scots. Edward I, that old hammer of the northern kingdom, laid siege to it in 1303 and hung on grimly until he took it. Then Bruce took it back. Edward III tried to capture it, but failed. So the business went on of providing ample opportunities for the flow of molten lead. They wouldn't know much about a cold war then.

But they knew quite a lot about the loch, for Dr. Johnson was told that it was 140 fathoms deep about here, which is about right. And one has only got to plot how much of the North Sea would be dry land if it lost 140 fathoms to realise just how deep that is. It has been said that no drowned body has ever been recovered from it. And at least one diver, who went down to have a look, hurriedly came up and refused to go down again. The geological dislocation no doubt has its caverns and currents, and certainly, at that depth, black night reigns.

Several of my friends have seen the elusive monster. Many who have seen it may be reluctant to say so, perhaps because it evokes, by an odd association, things like drinking-glasses and even pot-stills. Admittedly there are areas hereabouts which had a deservedly high reputation for whisky smuggling in fairly recent times. Altogether, this is a very complex subject and many who have gone

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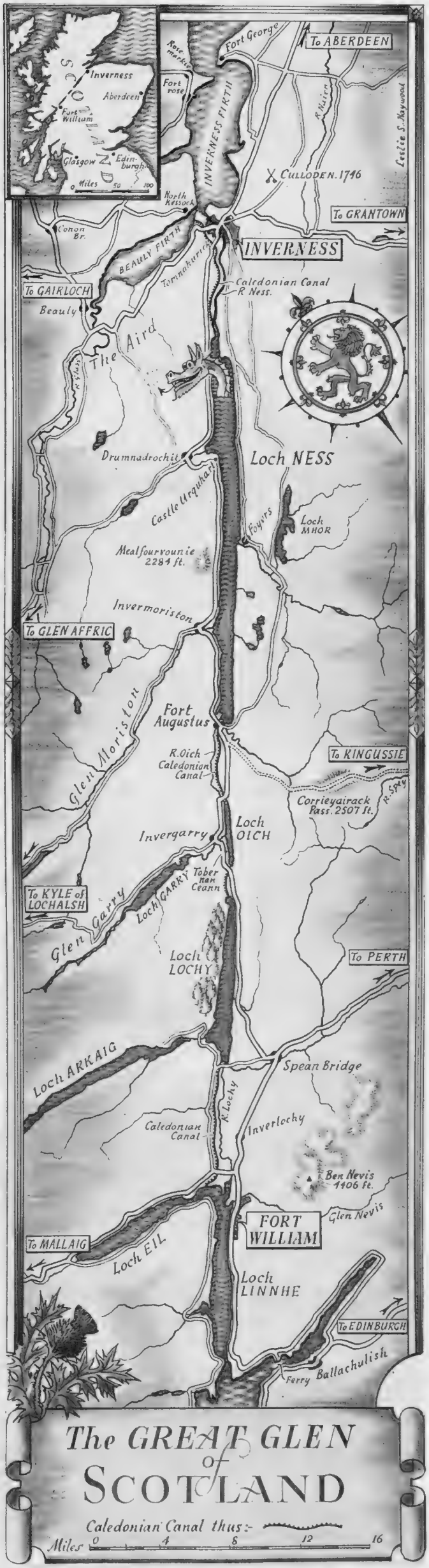


THE GREAT GLEN FROM INVERNESS TO FORT WILLIAM : In this special *Sphere* sketch-map Leslie S. Haywood shows the chain of lochs linked together by the artificial waterway of the Caledonian Canal. There are in all 23 miles of artificial cuttings.

The GREAT GLEN of SCOTLAND

On left—
THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY AT FORT AUGUSTUS: The monastery illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. Last week the monastery was in the news when the B.B.C. gave a broadcast of Vespers sung by the monks and schoolboys of the Abbey, the service being introduced by the Right Rev. Oswald Eaves, the Abbot of Fort Augustus monastery.

(*Continued from previous page*)

into it with some care await a scientific investigation of the creature's habits with considerable interest and expectation.

It would have been pleasant to have left Castle Urquhart and its dark waters at this point, but alas, many of us who live around here and naturally took a close interest last autumn in John Cobb's bid for the world water speed record in his jet-propelled boat, *Crusader*, over a measured mile just south of the Castle, were particularly shocked by the tragedy of his death in the second run of his gallant attempt. As I write this, local arrangements are under way for the erection of a cairn to his memory. Much of the work will be done voluntarily and Mr. George Bain, of Drumnadrochit, craftsman, artist and authority on all matters pertaining to Celtic art, is preparing a design. It was an old Highland custom to put a stone on a good man's cairn.

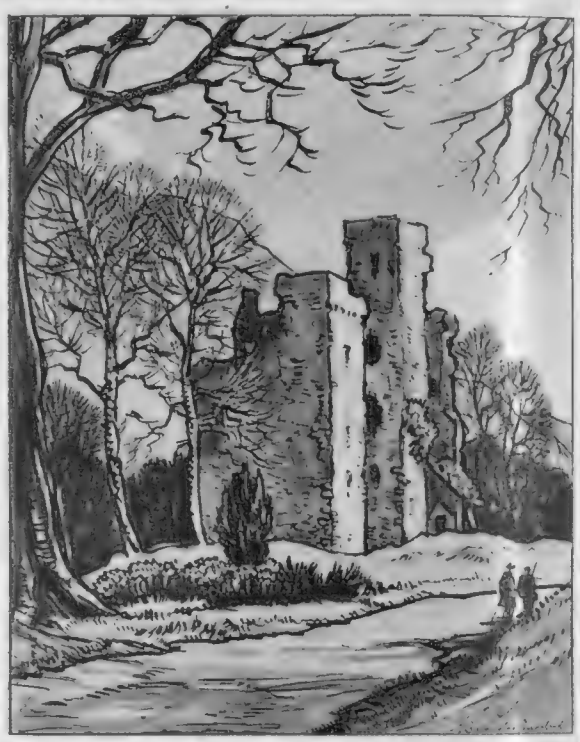
The switchback road goes on by the base of Mealfourvounie, with aluminium works across the loch at Foyers, using hydro-electric power. A narrow road does run down that other side of the loch, though motorists use it sparingly. Our main highway, with very good surface, is on the west side and presently runs into Invermoriston, a charming spot, with hotel—and engineers busy over a new hydro-electric scheme. A few more exhilarating miles and we drop down and round into Fort Augustus.

Beyond Inverness stands Fort George; in the middle of the Great Glen, Fort Augustus; and at its southern end, Fort William. Why were these forts erected? To keep back the terrible Highlanders. The Great Glen in times past was thin-skinned in more ways than the geological. A sort of warfare still continues with the Government in London over roads and piers and murderous transport charges in a decaying Highland economy, and still the Government sends up its troops in the guise of bureaucrats or commissions. But whereas to the Highlanders of old three forts in a row armed to the teeth were possible meat, to their descendants to-day the Treasury is tougher than the old red conglomerate of Mealfourvounie ("rounded hill of the cold moor").

So there is little left of the fort in Fort Augustus. In its place stands a Benedictine abbey and school, and my earliest glimpse of it on a sunny day took in a dark-robed figure pushing a roller over the pitch.

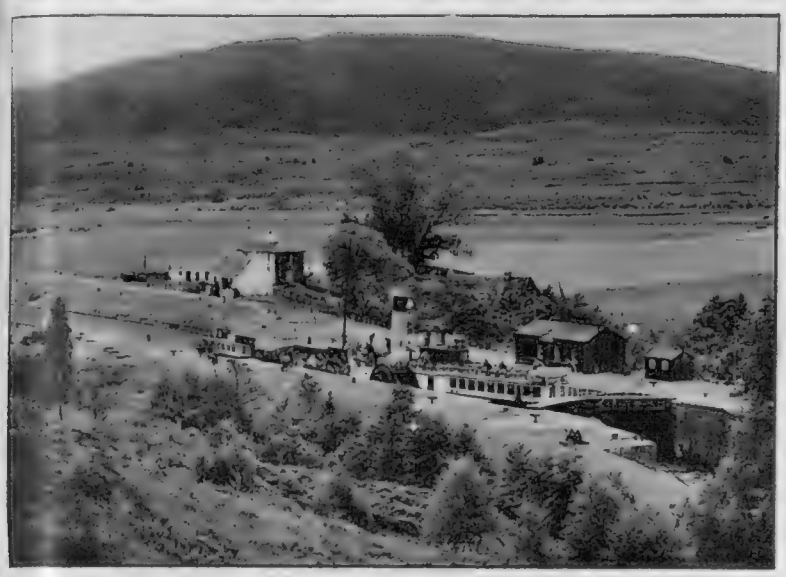
It was that redoubtable road-maker, General Wade, who built the fort and who constructed the road near by that goes up through the wild Corrieyairick Pass. His excellent roads were made, says any history book, "to assist the Government in quelling rebellion in the Highlands." It is a nice irony that this particular road, engineered about 1733, was put to its proper use for the first time by Prince Charlie in 1745 when he took 1800 men along it. After that Charlie and his Highlanders went as near a wildly-scared London as Derby, and it would almost seem, if Freud may be mentioned, that London hasn't forgotten it. For it may be that the Treasury is London's unconscious.

The next loch is Loch Oich, the smallest and highest of the three lochs which, with cuttings between and locks where required, make the Caledonian Canal. The canal is still used, if mostly by fishing-boats. The whole waterway is over 60 miles long. When it was being



THE CASTLE OF INVERGARRY: The castle, which was the seat of the Clan Macdonnell from the sixteenth century, stands on Creag-An-Fhitich or Rock of the Raven, from the name of which the clan took their war cry.

THE GLORY OF GLEN MORE: It links Loch Oich and Loch Ness, the pinewoods clothing the hillsides almost down to the water's edge. *On right*—**ON THE PLACID WATERS OF LOCH OICH: This is one of the narrower lochs on the line of the Great Glen. Loch Oich is about 3½ miles long, and from the shore the hills rise steeply.**



LOOKING EASTWARDS FROM LOCH OICH TO LOCH NESS : This is a truly idyllic countryside and a paradise for walkers. Loch Oich is approached from the west by way of the locks of Laggan, one of the great engineering feats along the line of the Caledonian Canal.

On left—
A PASSENGER VESSEL PASSING THROUGH THE LOCK AT GAIRLOCHY : This is the point where the Caledonian Canal runs into Loch Lochy. On this western section of the canal the hills are bare and windswept. Away to the east the countryside is more picturesque.

ACKNACARRY BAY, LOCH LOCHY : This delightful wooded inlet lies on the northern shores of the beautiful loch at its western extremity.

constructed by Telford at the beginning of last century it was thought that it might be a great highway for ships from the Baltic and for men-of-war. Before it was completed such ships had outgrown its locks, though a lock is still probably bigger than a swimming-pool on the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Half-way down the loch is the ivied ruin of Invergarry Castle, near the mouth of the River Garry, with as turbulent a record as that of Castle Urquhart. Prince Charlie was here in victory, and in defeat on his way from Culloden, and after that Cumberland's destroying troops fell upon it.

A little farther on by the roadside is *Tober nan Ceann*, the Well of the Seven Heads. This memorial to a bloody deed is a pillar of four sides, each of which tells the same tale in a different language : Gaelic, English, French and Latin. (Always this odd liking for learning.) Seven stone heads, cut off at the throat, surmount the pillar, and on top of the stone heads is a fist gripping a dirk. The story concerns two sons of Keppoch (a branch of the Macdonells of Glengarry Castle) who were being educated in France while their seven male cousins enjoyed the family power at home. On their return, the two were murdered by the seven ; and the family bard then contrived to slaughter the seven ; but before presenting the heads of the horrid murderers to the Noble Chief in Glengarry Castle, the bard washed the seven heads in the well.

I could see no sign of the well on my first visit, but after going down off the road on the loch side I came on a low archway extending right under the roadway. I groped forward, doubled up, some 20 or 30 ft. before my hand, feeling in front of me, went to the wrist in the bloody well. So dubious was the sensation that when I came back to the daylight I looked at my hand. It was quite clean.

After Loch Oich comes Loch Lochy, the third in the chain, some ten miles long and one broad. The Forestry Commission have been planting extensively down in these parts and as you look across Loch Lochy to the high hills that rise so steeply from its northern side you will get some idea of the kind of country that is being tackled. But young trees are everywhere and new foresters' cottages are by the road. Of all the efforts being made to-day to regenerate the Highlands, the most important are those by the Hydro-Electric Board and the Forestry Commission. And the good work continues to extend in long-term policies, which are the kind of policies the Highlands need.

From Loch Lochy, we climb up on to the moor until we see in front of us the vast bulk of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in our island (4,406 ft.). We are now in the heart of the Lochaber country, where over 20,000 Commandos of all nationalities had their war-time training.

And so we go thoughtfully down into the little village of Spean Bridge and on to Inverlochy, where the Great Montrose, after a march that may have inspired even the Commandos, scattered the Campbells. To-day the field of battle grows peaceful cottages inhabited by workers of the British Aluminium Company. For we are now in Fort William, at the head of Loch Linnhe, on the way to the western sea and at the end of the Great Glen. And here tourists come nowadays in ever greater numbers to find out all about this wild country and strange people whom no fort could ever quite contain.

On right—
THE TOWERING MASS OF BEN NEVIS STANDS LIKE A GUARDIAN AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT GLEN, THE GEOLOGICAL FAULT THAT CUTS THROUGH THE HEART OF SCOTLAND : Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain, can be ascended in about four hours by the pony track beginning at Achintee.

THE GREAT TASMAN GLACIER SEEN FROM BALL PASS, A MIGHTY PANORAMA OF PEAKS IN NEW ZEALAND'S SOUTHERN ALPS: Towards the left are the Minarets and the peak known as De La Bache. The large peak (right centre) is the Malte Brun. The Tasman Glacier lies in the Mount Cook region in the heart of the Southern Alps of New Zealand, where Sir Edmund Hillary (the conqueror of Everest with Tensing Norkey) has spent many seasons climbing and perfecting his technique, often blazing new trails.

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT COOK, THE MONARCH OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS, AND IN THE BACKGROUND MOUNT TASMAN: Mount Cook, towering to 12,349 ft., offers no insuperable obstacles to the climber, but it provides a good test of mountaineering ability, and has been a training-ground for New Zealand's Alpinists.

NEW ZEALAND, TRAINING GROUND FOR EVEREST

THE SOUTHERN ALPS, WHERE SIR EDMUND HILLARY HAS SPENT MANY SEASONS IN ARDUOUS CLIMBING IN ORDER TO PERFECT HIS CLIMBING TECHNIQUE

On right—

SIR EDMUND HILLARY, THE CONQUEROR OF EVEREST: Sir Edmund, who is a bee-keeper by profession, has been accustomed to spending two seasons a year climbing in the Southern Alps, one in February to perfect his rock-climbing, and one in September to improve his ice work. Hillary has succeeded in conquering all the major peaks of the Southern Alps.

BEFORE he left New Zealand Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest, claimed that next to the Himalayas themselves, New Zealand's Southern Alps were the best training-ground in the world for those who would attempt the earth's topmost peak.

He listed the essentials to success as good organisation, good weather, and a great deal of good luck. He did not, of course, mention his own inherent fortitude and his consummate skill, both developed and tested on New Zealand's Southern Alps, that enabled him to be primarily responsible for such a magnificent Coronation gift to Queen Elizabeth II.

It was the challenge of the Southern Alps, towering along the greater part of the length of the South Island, that first fired the imagination and steeled the will of the New Zealander who has won world-wide fame and realised his greatest ambition. The careful, progressive planning by which he met the challenge of difficult mountain country brought out the great qualities in Hillary that qualified him for the British Everest Expedition's final assault.

Soon after the enthusiasm for climbing possessed him, Edmund Hillary was spending two seasons a year in the Southern Alps—one in February to perfect his rock-climbing technique, and one in September—in the southern spring—to learn ice-work. In a few years he had conquered all the major peaks, blazing new trails to some of them, and, like other keen young New Zealand Alpinists, was casting around for more ambitious climbs.

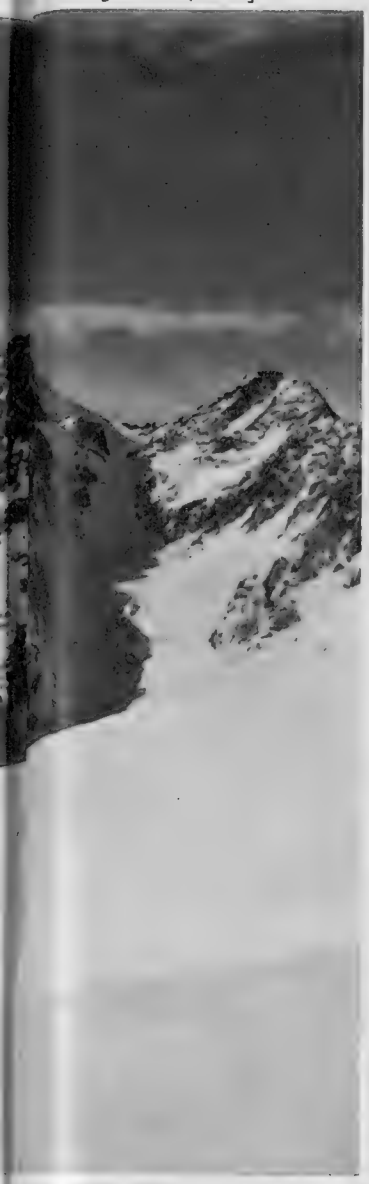
In 1949 he spent a holiday in Switzerland, adding more peaks to his tally, and in 1951 he had his first experience in the Himalayas, as one of an all-New Zealand team of four, which made a successful ascent of the previously unclimbed Mukut Parbat (23,760 ft.) in the Garwhal Himalayas. During that trip the New Zealanders met up with a British Everest party, which they were invited to join.

In that same year Hillary and another New Zealander, G. Lowe, of Hastings, were in the Himalayas again with Eric Shipton's Reconnaissance. Both were members of the successful expedition led by Colonel John Hunt.

The Himalayan Mountains, containing, as they do, the world's highest peaks, seem to have become in recent years the natural objective of New Zealand mountaineers who have had considerable climbing experience in their own country. While the two New Zealanders were playing so conspicuous a part in the conquest of Mount Everest, an all-New Zealand party of four were climbing and exploring peaks in the Himalayas about 100 miles to the west, and though vague about any particular objective when they left New Zealand, they had it in mind to make an attempt on an unnamed peak of 26,000 ft., if conditions were suitable.

New Zealand's highest peak, Mount Cook (12,349 ft.), in the Southern Alps, is less than half as high as the main Himalayan peaks, and can, of course, be climbed without any oxygen apparatus. Except in this respect, the difference in climbing conditions in the two ranges of mountains is not nearly so great as the disparity in altitudes might suggest.

The Southern Alps offer a better training for high-altitude mountaineering than do the Swiss Alps; mainly



MOUNT TASMAN SEEN FROM ABOVE THE GRAND PLATEAU : This is one of the most spectacular-looking peaks in the Southern Alps, rising to over 11,400 ft. New Zealand has seventeen peaks of over 10,000 ft. and countless others of over 9,000 ft. There are many unclimbed peaks in the south-west of the Southern Alps, and it will be at least a century, it is said, before they are explored to the full.

THE SCENE OF A DRAMATIC RESCUE : Mount La Perouse (10,101 ft.), in the Southern Alps of New Zealand, where in February 1948 Edmund Hillary saved the life of an injured climber, Miss Ruth Adams, a young New Zealand medical student. When a rope broke, Miss Adams fell 200 ft., breaking an arm and suffering shock and concussion. Hillary, turning back from his own climb, sent one guide for help and with another climber carried the injured girl to an ice-cave, where for three days they fought to keep her warm and cheerful, protecting her from the considerable cold with some of their own mountain clothes.

THE UPPER ICEFALL OF THE FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER : The middle of the icefall moves at an estimated distance of 19 ft. per day. The ever-changing surface of an icefall is always a complication for mountaineers, as they may find very different conditions on their return to those which they encountered on their way up. This has been true of the icefall encountered by the Mount Everest climbers in their recent successful assault.

because of the New Zealand snow and ice conditions and the greater ruggedness of the mountains. In Switzerland, it is possible to climb a peak a day from a comfortable chalet, where food is provided, but in New Zealand mountaineers have often to spend days in the open, or in caves and igloos cut out in the upper snow-fields, and they carry their own food and pack. The approaches to the Southern Alps are thickly forested and swift-flowing rivers have often to be forded. These conditions are not encountered in higher-altitude climbing in the Himalayas, yet they call out the qualities of endurance, hardiness and self-reliance that are so important there. North-westerly storms, which are frequently encountered by climbers in the Southern Alps, give conditions resembling those of the monsoon in the Himalayas. The lower height of the New Zealand mountains, compared with those in Switzerland, is compensated for by a 3,000-ft. lower snowline, as well as the more rugged nature of the peaks.

New Zealand's seventeen peaks over 10,000 ft., all of which are in the Southern Alps, have all been climbed before, some of them many times, yet new routes are still available up nearly all of these mountains, and each year new trails are being blazed. There are many mountains of over 9,000 ft., there is much virgin country in the south-west of the South Island, and a world authority on mountaineering has said that it will be a century before the mountains there are climbed and explored to the full.

During the mid-summer holidays of 1952-53, climbing achievements in New Zealand included the first ascent of Mount Cook by an all-women party without guides, and the second solo ascent of New Zealand's highest peak, by a new settler from Switzerland. (The first was as long ago as 1919.)

Partly due, perhaps, to the publicity given to the exploits of those who excel at it, mountaineering has in recent years become an increasingly popular sport with young New Zealanders, both men and women, who join the different mountain clubs which give them proper training and ensure a very high standard of safety in the mountains. Hillary himself received such training, and in his early climbing he built up a very good reputation for safety. The mountaineering clubs seek also to inculcate in their members the attitude that the climb itself is greater than the gaining of the summit.

For those who do not wish to endure the hardship that the most ambitious climbing in New Zealand imposes, there are well-mapped regions, with good hotels and huts and guides available. Fine ski-touring grounds are also to be found in most of these areas.

The prominence that New Zealand climbers have shown in the international field in recent years is out of all proportion to their country's small population, and must be attributed in part also to the remarkable qualities of self-reliance, initiative and independence of the Dominion's inhabitants, particularly those among them who hear the call of the higher peaks. These people have learnt how to improvise to a remarkable degree in the most trying circumstances. Their initiative and their natural friendliness make them stand out, and yet be most easy to get along with in a team.

SAVING VERSAILLES

An Army of Workmen Begin the Task of Repairing France's Celebrated Architectural Monument

In January 1952, M. André Cornu, Minister of Fine Arts in the Pleven Government, let it be known that the condition of the Palace of Versailles had deteriorated to such an extent that irreparable damage would be done unless at least £5,000,000 was spent on urgent repairs. It was a deeply alarming situation, with the decay of the Palace's 27 acres of roofing quite the most serious aspect of all. In many places it was apparent that the enormous skeleton of seventeenth-century timber-work within the Palace was powdering away. The Minister actually stated that long neglect of the vital points of the structure had brought it to the verge of collapse.

With the publication of the news of the plight of Versailles the people of France rapidly rallied to the defence of the Palace. The Government granted £370,000 for restoration work, and in addition gave the proceeds of one draw of the National Lottery towards the appeal, this bringing in another £400,000 at least. Public donations in the first year of the appeal exceeded £500,000, and there has been one separate donation from the Casino of Enghien, which is giving £30,000 a year to Versailles for a period of five years. There have been many small donations from members of the public, often accompanied by the most moving letters, and soldiers in the front line in Indo-China have also sent money to swell the funds. Last November the Minister said that he felt that the preservation of the Palace was now assured.

At the moment an army of workmen is engaged in the task of restoration, and particular attention is being paid to the roof to prevent further deterioration. Gabriel's opera house, which has been made the subject of a special Government grant of £150,000, is one part of the Palace receiving immediate attention.

The Palace of Versailles owes its origin to a hunting lodge built for Louis XIII in 1624 by J. Lemercier. This was a square structure of brick and stone, and it is still preserved within the marble court of the present Palace. Louis XIV was also drawn to Versailles by the attractions of the chase, and as early as 1662 began to give his famous summer entertainments there, to which Moliere and his players gave an added interest. It was because the Chateau of St. Germain did not afford him adequate accommodation that the King set about enlarging and embellishing his new acquisition at Versailles, finally beginning those huge additions which enabled him to provide within its walls an imposing seat of Government and a permanent residence for the entire court surrounded with everything that art could supply or luxury demand in the pursuit of pleasure. The Palace as thus transformed had room for 10,000 inhabitants. During the revolution, when Louis XVI reaped the whirlwind aroused by past extravagance, the Royal furniture at Versailles was sold and the pictures transferred to the Louvre, but Louis Philippe in 1833-37 transformed the Palace into a great national museum, and thus it has remained to this day.

REPAIRING THE ROOF OVER THE HALL OF MIRRORS : Workmen engaged in erecting scaffolding on the Palace of Versailles, a view looking towards the ornamental lakes and over the grounds laid out by the celebrated Le Notre. A national appeal has had to be made for funds in order to save the Palace from rapid deterioration, and since then subscriptions have flowed in generously.

DECAYED TIMBERS OF THE PALACE : The Curator points to the state of the woodwork above the Royal apartments.

WORK STARTS ON REPAIRING THE ROOF OF THE NORTH WING OF THE PALACE : In the background is the chapel built in the Baroque style. The chapel was begun by Mansart in 1699 and completed in 1710 by Robert de Cotte.

AT WORK ON THE WATER SYSTEM OF ONE OF THE CENTRAL FOUNTAINS AT VERSAILLES : The Bassin du Dragon and the Bassin de Neptune produce the largest jets, reaching to a height of about 75 ft. In the summer and early autumn months there are invariably large crowds to see the fountains play.

SCAFFOLDING SUPPORTS THE ROOF OF THE PALACE'S OPERA HOUSE : A grant of £150,000 from State funds has been specially allocated for the repair of this part of the Palace, the work of the architect Gabriel. For a time Gabriel's Opera House was used by the French Senate.

SUBMERGED FOR 2,500 MILES

The Voyage of the British Submarine "Andrew," Which Travelled from Bermuda to the English Channel Without Surfacing

The underwater voyage of the submarine *Andrew* aroused the greatest interest, and the arrival of the submarine in the English Channel at the time of the Spithead Review focused particular attention upon her, although this was not necessarily the longest or the most exacting voyage carried out by an A class submarine. Indeed, late in 1947 the British submarine *Alliance*, fitted with a version of the "Schnorkel" breathing device, carried out exacting tests in calm tropical waters off West Africa, and in February 1948, the submarine *Ambush* spent five valuable weeks in and around the Arctic Circle. At least once the sea was so rough below surface that she had to come up for three days in order to ride the gale.

The voyage of the *Andrew* was, however, a fine performance, giving valuable experience to her crew, and Lieut.-Commander Scott declared on arrival at Portsmouth that he was astonished at the depth-keeping qualities of the boat under heavy seas, and the performance of the machinery, which was first-class. He had the best crew he had ever sailed with, he said, and "every one behaved magnificently. Our biggest danger was being run down. The main periscope went out of action the second day out from Bermuda, and this might have jeopardised the whole experiment, but we managed. One day in dirty weather, when we were rolling badly and we had to move some heavy machinery, we went down to 80 ft. for eight hours, and on two other occasions we went down to 80 ft. to avoid passing ships."

THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "ANDREW" REACHES PORTLAND AT THE END OF AN HISTORIC VOYAGE: The submarine made fast in the harbour after completing the 2,500-mile journey across the Atlantic from Bermuda without surfacing. The crossing was made at an average speed of "better than 7 knots," and was carried out in order to give the fullest possible test to the Snort-breathing apparatus. The *Andrew* is an A class submarine with a standard displacement of 1,120 tons.

THE CONNING TOWER AND MODIFIED SNORT TUBE OF THE SUBMARINE "ANDREW": The submarine's main periscope was damaged during the voyage, and this added considerably to the difficulties of navigation beneath the surface.

THE SKIPPER AND HIS SUBMARINE: *Left*—Lieut.-Commander Scott, who brought the *Andrew* under the Atlantic from Bermuda to the approaches to the English Channel. *Right*—The submarine at Portland before journeying on to the submarine depot at Fort Blockhouse, Gosport. Her officers and men have now started a month's leave. The *Andrew* will then go on to Rothesay to join the submarine flotilla to which she is attached. The crew heard the Coronation broadcast when they were at periscope depth, and to mark the occasion they "spliced the mainbrace." They also heard the Test Match being broadcast, and this aroused much excitement.

The ESSEX HOME of LOUIS XVIII

Historic Gosfield Hall, near Halstead, Where the Celebrated Bourbon Exile Found Sanctuary After Tilsit

DRAWINGS BY W. P. ROBINS

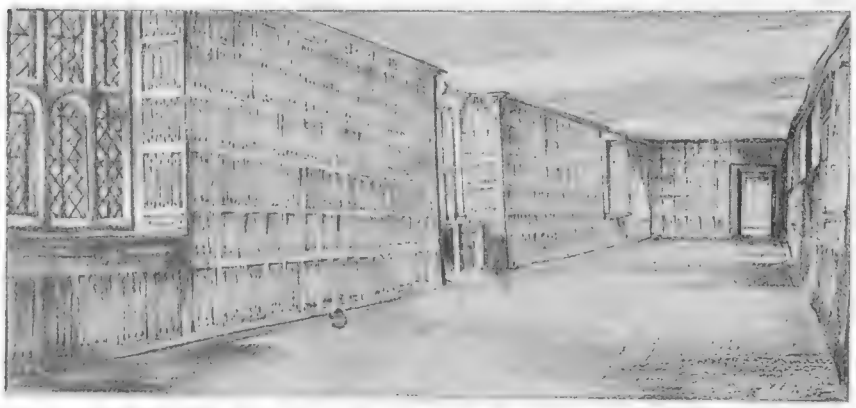
A NOTABLE EXAMPLE OF TUDOR DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: Gosfield Hall, near Halstead, Essex, which in 1951 was made the subject of a Building Preservation Order. It was at Gosfield Hall that Louis XVIII found a temporary home in England before his return to Paris in the wake of the Allied armies. Gosfield Hall was built by Sir John Wentworth in 1545.

Louis XVIII, brother of Louis XVI and King of France after Napoleon's first fall and again after Waterloo, was for many years Europe's unwanted wanderer. After the Treaty of Tilsit, when Napoleon virtually bestrode all Continental Europe, Louis was compelled to leave Poland and Russia, which had given him sanctuary, and he sought an exile's home in Britain. He landed at Great Yarmouth and received an immediate offer from the British Government to occupy the Palace of Holyroodhouse. He declined the offer and accepted instead that of the Marquis of Buckingham, who invited him to make his home at Gosfield Hall, in Essex. There his Queen, Louise, daughter of the King of Sardinia, joined him, and he was able to live in seclusion in this great demesne. Louis remained in England until the victory of the Allied armies in 1814 opened the way to Paris, and although he again became an exile in 1815 during the 100 days, he was soon able to return to his capital.

Gosfield Hall is now in a state of some dilapidation, and it is felt that on architectural merit alone it deserves a better fate.

In his drawings, Mr. W. P. Robins, who visited the Hall on behalf of THE SPHERE, has shown the old Tudor parts of the building and also the more modern additions achieved by John Knight.

At the time of the Norman Conquest the lordship of Gosfield passed into the hands of the Vere family, and afterwards the estate was held in turn by the Clares, the Rolfes and the Wentworths. It was Sir John Wentworth who built the great house we know to-day, probably in 1545, and less than sixteen years later it was visited by Queen Elizabeth on one of her many progresses through the land. This original building was built with brick and stone facing, and was quadrangular in plan. In the eighteenth century, when Knight made his extensive alterations to Gosfield Hall, the north, east and south fronts were modified considerably, but the Great Hall and staircase in the east wing were left in their original Tudor form, a monument to the character of domestic architecture in those days. Further alterations were made by Earl Nugent and the Marquis of Buckingham, two later owners, and it was Nugent who enlarged the lake to its present extensive proportions. The house is owned by a Braintree family. Its future is uncertain.



THE QUEEN ELIZABETH I GALLERY IN GOSFIELD HALL: The fine linenfold panelling is typical of the residence of a noble of the reign of Henry VIII. The gallery is 106 ft. long, and is named after the Queen, who stayed at Gosfield Hall during one of her Royal progresses through Essex in 1561 and again in 1568.

LOOKING ACROSS THE LAKE TOWARDS THE SOUTH FRONT: This part of Gosfield Hall was rebuilt by John Knight in the eighteenth century. The park around the mansion is extensive and contains magnificent trees, including the large cedar in this drawing.

A CASUALTY OF THE WAR YEARS: *Left*—The north-east wing of Gosfield Hall, with one of the large cedars which are such a feature of the estate. *Right*—The north front. The Royal Commission of the Historical Monuments of Essex described the condition of the house in 1911 as good, but that is hardly the case now, for there are noted signs of deterioration. Gosfield Hall was used for military purposes from 1939 to 1945, and has now been unoccupied for some years.

THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CASTLE OF HERSTMONCEUX, SUSSEX, THE NEW HOME OF THE ROYAL GREENWICH OBSERVATORY: Increasing pollution of the atmosphere in and around London during the past fifty years made observations from Greenwich more and more difficult, and finally it was decided to move the Royal Observatory to Herstmonceux. The move, which began in 1948, was to have been completed this year, but difficult post-war conditions have caused many delays, and another three years will have elapsed before the transfer is completed. Many new buildings to house the Observatory's equipment are being erected in the Castle grounds.

STUDYING THE HEAVENS FROM HERSTMONCEUX

An Account of the Functions of the Royal Observatory, Which is Being Moved to Herstmonceux from Greenwich

By SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, F.R.S.
(The Astronomer Royal)

THE smoky, polluted atmosphere of a large city and the glare in the sky at night from artificial lights are great handicaps to astronomical observation. The "smog," to use the expressive American word, dims the light of the stars and the glare fogs the photographic plates. Many astronomical observatories have had to move from cities and towns, which have enveloped them, into the country, where they are free from these troubles.

When Charles II founded the Royal Observatory he provided a site for it on the highest ground in the Royal park at Greenwich, which was then a fashionable village some six miles from London. But London has grown so enormously, particularly during the last half-century, that the Greenwich Observatory has been completely engulfed by it. Observations have become increasingly more difficult and more limited in their scope, as conditions have progressively deteriorated.

In the course of its long history the Royal Observatory at Greenwich has played a great part in the development of astronomy. This was recognised in 1884, when the meridian through the Observatory was selected by international agreement as the prime or zero meridian from which all longitudes should be measured, and on which an international system of time zones should be based. With a few unimportant exceptions, all countries now use times which differ from Greenwich Mean Time by an exact number of hours or half-hours.

But the fact has had to be faced that if the Observatory remained at Greenwich under the conditions now prevailing, it could no longer take its proper place in the advancement of astronomical knowledge. The installation at Greenwich of larger and more powerful telescopes, which the progress of astronomy demands, was out of the question. The Observatory would inevitably have deteriorated into a second-grade institution.

After a lengthy search, in which many alternative sites were considered, Herstmonceux was finally selected as providing by and large the best conditions. The factors that were considered in the choice of a site were the amount of clear sky by day and night; the steadiness of the "seeing" conditions; freedom from mist or fog, from smoke and from the glare of artificial lights; and the risk of future urban or industrial development. The assent of H.M. King George VI was obtained to the purchase of Herstmonceux Castle and of some 370 acres of land surrounding it, and the removal from Greenwich was begun in 1948.

The Greenwich Observatory was founded in the interest of navigation, at a time when it had become a matter of great importance to find a solution to the problem of determining the position of a ship at sea. Much of the work of the Observatory has continued to serve the needs of navigation, though at the same time of wider interest. The determinations of the positions and motions of the sun, moon, planets and stars provide the basic data for the compilation of the *Nautical Almanac*—the seaman's Bible—and of the *Air Almanac*, a parallel publication planned to serve the special requirements of air navigation. These publications are amongst those which are prepared in the Nautical Almanac Office, the computing section of the Observatory. The *Nautical Almanac* was devised by the Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, fifth Astronomer Royal, and has appeared without interruption since 1767.

SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES: The author of this article has been the Astronomer Royal since 1933.

An important responsibility of the Observatory is the determination of time and its distribution by hourly time signals to the Post Office, by the familiar six-pips signals broadcast by the B.B.C., and by radio time signals, which provide Greenwich Mean Time for ships at sea.

Another service to sea and air navigation is the preparation of world magnetic charts from which the navigator, wherever he may be, can obtain the compass variation—the amount by which the compass needle deviates from true north. The compass variation differs from place to place, and at the same place from year to year, so that new charts are prepared at five-yearly intervals. The Magnetic Department of the Observatory is concerned with the study of the earth's magnetic field and its changes.

Some of these changes are caused by phenomena occurring on the sun. These phenomena can cause serious interference to radio transmissions and at times even complete blackouts. It is natural, therefore, that the sun should be an object of special study. Systematic observations of the sun were in fact started as long ago as 1873, before anything was known about radio; what was commenced as a scientific study has proved to be of great practical and economic value.

An important branch of the work of the Observatory is concerned with a variety of stellar investigations, such as the determination of the distances of the stars, of their temperatures, their intrinsic brightness and other characteristics. Astronomers can study matter under conditions which the physicist cannot reproduce in his laboratory, and they have been able to contribute to the knowledge of the atom and of atomic nuclear reactions.

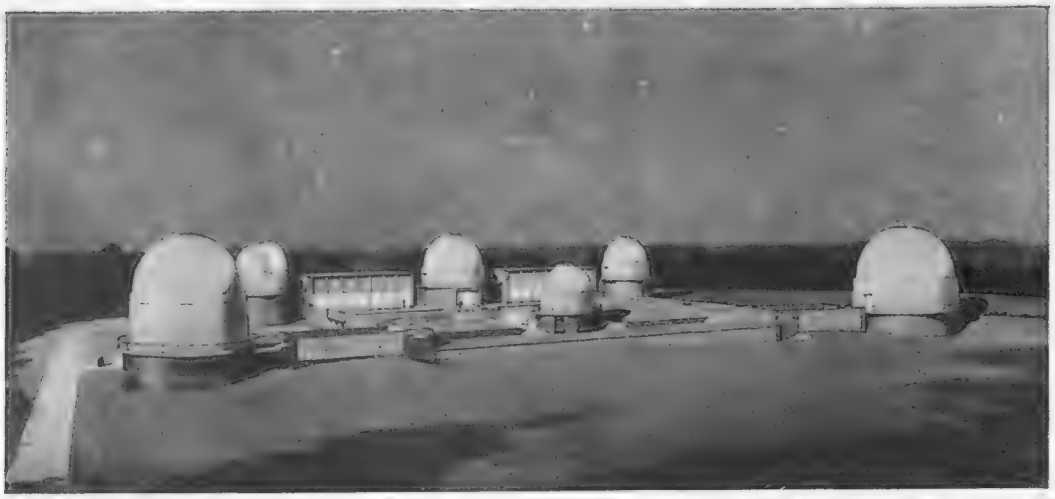
To move a large observatory is a heavy undertaking. Buildings and domes to house the telescopes and other equipment have to be planned in all their details; the telescopes have to be dismantled, transported and re-erected at the new site. It had been hoped that the move would be completed by the end of this year. But the difficult post-war conditions have caused many delays. Another three years will be required for all the equipment to be transferred to Herstmonceux and for telescopes now under construction to be installed. In its new site the Observatory will be known as the Royal Greenwich Observatory, to signalise its long association with Greenwich and because it will still provide Greenwich Mean Time. It will enter upon a new phase of increased usefulness to the nation, with fresh opportunities of contributing to the advancement of knowledge.

After the removal has been completed there will remain one powerful new telescope to be installed—the Isaac Newton telescope, funds for which have been promised by the Government in commemoration of the tercentenary of the birth of Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest British man of science. This telescope will be the largest in the world outside of California. The 98-inch disk of glass, weighing 5½ tons, is now being ground and shaped in Newcastle to form its mirror. The design of the telescope is still under consideration, but it can be stated that it will involve some novel features, both optical and mechanical.

The original Observatory at Greenwich, built in 1675 to the design of Sir Christopher Wren, along with the eighteenth-century additions, will become an annexe of the National Maritime Museum. The historic instruments of the Observatory, from Halley's transit instrument—the first to be used in this country—to the Airy transit circle, which defines the zero of longitude, will remain at Greenwich and form the nucleus of a museum of astronomy and navigation. The link between the two branches of science with which the Greenwich Observatory has always been concerned will thus appropriately be preserved.

CHECKING NAVIGATIONAL TIMEPIECES AT THE HERSTMONCEUX OBSERVATORY: Many thousands of chronometers and watches are tested for accuracy at the Royal Observatory.

ONE OF THE NEW OBSERVATORY BUILDINGS AT HERSTMONCEUX: This is the new solar building, housing instruments for taking photographs of the sun. Changes in the earth's magnetic field are sometimes caused by phenomena occurring on the sun, and these phenomena can cause serious interference to radio transmissions. The study of the sun is therefore one of the Observatory's most important tasks, and has proved to be of considerable practical and economic value.



A PAINTING OF ONE OF THE NEW GROUPS OF OBSERVATORY BUILDINGS WHICH ARE TO BE CONSTRUCTED AT HERSTMONCEUX: They were designed by the architect, Mr. Brian O'Rorke, in collaboration with the Admiralty and the Royal Observatory, and work on them is to begin during the coming weeks. This painting, by Laurence Wright, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1952.

A TECHNICIAN AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY WORKING ON PARTS OF A NAVIGATIONAL WATCH: The Observatory performs a special service to the Royal Navy and the R.A.F. in taking charge of navigational timepieces, including their testing and rating.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY'S MOVE TO HERSTMONCEUX

The Transfer from Greenwich is Being Accomplished with No Interruption of the Vital Work of the Observatory's Scientists and Technicians

By JOHN MAY

THE quiet Sussex village of Herstmonceux, the new "Greenwich," is as remote and rustic to-day as ever was Charles II's Royal park on the south bank of the Thames. It lies some four miles inland from Pevensey Bay, the coastal indentation between Eastbourne and Hastings, and on fine days Pevensey is clearly visible from the Castle roof. Locals pronounce the name Herstmon*soo*. One of their skills is in making the famous Sussex willow-and-ash wooden trug baskets, and in springtime primroses decorate the roadside of the lane which leads to Herstmonceux Church and the new Royal Greenwich Observatory.

Looking out over green meadows and the smooth blue waters of its surrounding moat, the four-square red-brick structure of Herstmonceux Castle itself, turreted and embattled, has an incomparable story-book beauty. Only 50 ft. above sea-level, it is surrounded on all sides but the south by a wide sweep of hill, and hidden here it has dreamed the ages away in a natural sun-trap.

The Castle's restoration was begun by Colonel Claud Lowther in 1910, and Sir Paul Latham carried on with the work when he bought it in 1931. Recently the Ministry of Works has been attending to the double-towered gatehouse on the 200-ft. south front. Once there was a drawbridge here that rose up to cover the entrance arch and to shutter the wide windows above. A many-arched bridge still crosses the water to this main entrance.

Here, at the present time, the Royal Observatory is settling-in. In his high-ceilinged office that looks out to the east, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, F.R.S., the Astronomer Royal, a big, gentle-mannered man, with eyes of acutely penetrating intelligence, shows occasional privileged visitors several grey-painted, 2-ft.-high gunlike objects resting on a polished wooden table. They are models of ideas for the mounting of the powerful new Isaac Newton telescope. And when this giant, with its 50-ft. tube, is installed in its own special building about 1956, the Observatory will finally have set the seal upon its removal from Greenwich, and a new volume in its illustrious history will have begun.

There is much yet to be done. Inside the Castle's hollow square, with its octagonal three-storeyed towers at the angles, plus one in the centre of the east side and another in the west, planning of the move goes on with unhurried precision. The quadrangle, its main paved footway from north to south attended by a solemn avenue of twelve conical yew-trees, is reminiscent of the cloistered calm and green lawns of a college at one of the older universities.

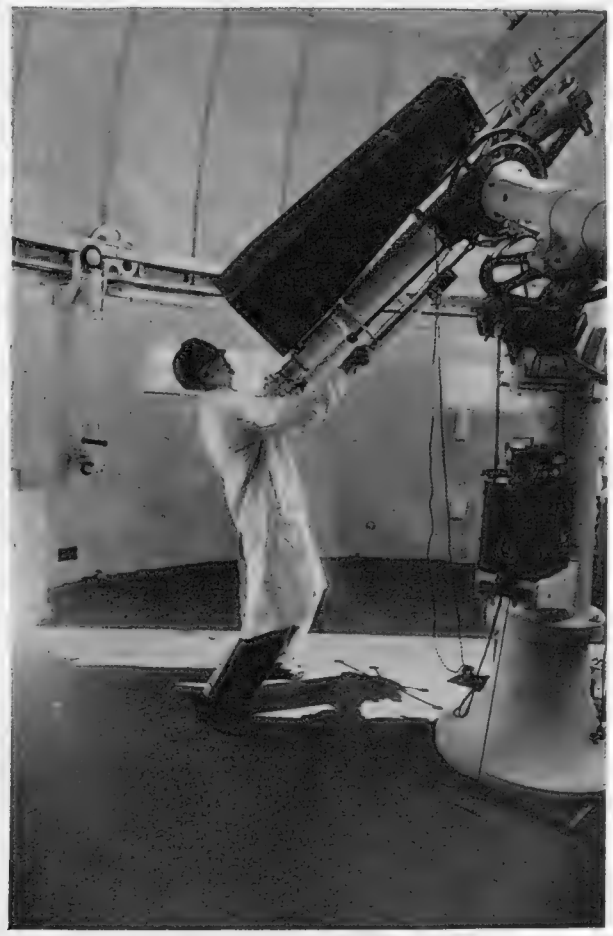
The north-eastern wing is the Astronomer Royal's residence. In the northern part of the building a Grinling Gibbons staircase, formerly covered with thick black paint, has been cleaned and restored to its original glory of carved wood. The Great Hall upstairs on the west side, once floored with flagstones, has become the Observatory's library, with 30,000 books, with a new gallery to help house them. And a ballroom has been converted for offices, with lighting installed on the top of the partitions.

The Department of Astrometry and Astrophysics, the Chronometer Department, and various offices, bedrooms, laboratories and dark-rooms also occupy the Castle. Superbly adapted for its new purpose, it yet retains a few reminders of its origin; the entrance to the office of Mr. H. G. Barker, the Secretary and Cashier, in the south-east tower, for instance, is through a narrow archway only 5 ft. 7 ins. high where anyone over average height has to duck his head.

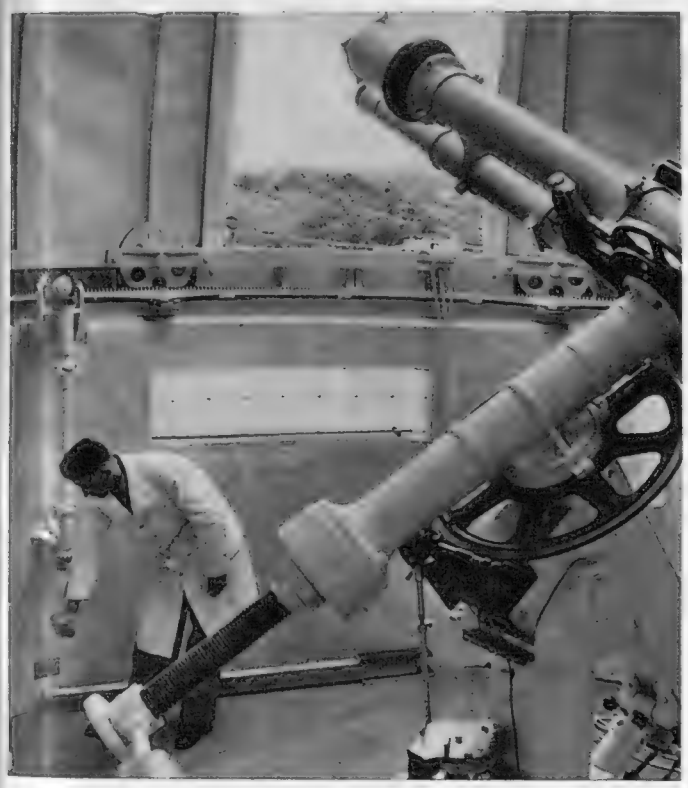
The groups of new white buildings which soon will mushroom on the green hills around have been designed by Mr. Brian O'Rorke, A.R.A., F.R.I.B.A., in collaboration with the Admiralty and the Observatory. When they are completed, an ugly huddle of wooden wartime huts in front of the Castle will be removed. The new structures will be weirdly beautiful in a way quite different from the Castle itself, and they will be by no means as simple as their plain outlines may suggest. The needs of a telescope house can include deep piers to hold the weight of the instrument absolutely steady; a dome that both opens and shuts to the sky and also revolves; silvering-room for mirrors, and even rising and falling floors.

So far, only one of these new machines of observation is up and working—the Solar Dome to the right (south) as one enters the Westgate of the Castle grounds. But already to the north-west, beyond an ancient grove of Spanish chestnut-trees (there were Spanish chestnuts at Greenwich, too) and lawns where 500,000 daffodils bloom, work is going on for the housing of the Meridian Group of smaller telescopes, which will be the next to be moved.

On rising ground to the east of the Castle will be housed six larger instruments. When the buildings for these are completed, some of the public may feel—rightly—that they have already seen them elsewhere. The buildings will be the Equatorial Group which have been modelled and photographed, and of which Laurence Wright exhibited a painting, a night scene under starlit skies, in the Royal Academy of 1952.



Above and *on right*—MAKING ADJUSTMENTS TO THE PHOTOHELIOGRAPH, ONE OF THE INSTRUMENTS USED IN STUDYING THE SUN : This is part of the vital work of the Royal Observatory which helps us to a better understanding of the vast universe around us. Many of the investigations of the Observatory may seem to have no immediate utilitarian value, but they are important contributions to the sum of human knowledge concerning the universe.



ONE OF THE SCIENTIFIC ASSISTANTS AT THE OBSERVATORY TURNING THE HANDLE THAT PENS THE DOME OF THE SOLAR BUILDING : The instruments housed here are a 6½-in. photovisual telescope and a 4-in. photoheliograph for taking photographs of the sun.

SKILLED TECHNICIANS REPAIRING NAVAL CHRONOMETERS AT HERSTMONCEUX : Repair and adjustment of many naval timepieces takes place at the Observatory. In recent years a similar service has also been extended to wrist-watches worn by pilots of the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm.

To the south-east will arise the building for the new Isaac Newton telescope, the mirror for which is already being ground by Sir Howard Grubb, Parsons and Company, at Newcastle. The use of it will be shared between the Royal Observatory and the other observatories of Great Britain.

To the south, rhombic aerials will be erected for the reception of time signals from as far away as Australia. And to the south-west, south of the Herstmonceux Church which stands on the opposite side of the Castle's approach road, will be a modern building to house the Time Department and the offices of the *Nautical Almanac*. Here will be workshops, storerooms, and clock cellars, where batteries of faceless crystal quartz clocks will carry on the job of providing the most accurate time-keeping yet evolved, by splitting seconds to several places of decimals.

Started five years ago, the removal of the Observatory from Greenwich to Herstmonceux will occupy some eight years overall before it is completed. Fifty per cent. of the Observatory staff are already at Herstmonceux. They include the secretariat and administration, and departments dealing with terrestrial magnetism and meteorology, chronometer adjustment and repair, and solar observation (Herstmonceux has half as much sunshine again as Greenwich, and a much steadier atmosphere). The *Nautical Almanac* and the *Air Almanac* are being produced for the time being in the wooden huts. The Time Department and the Magnetic Observatory are at present operating at Abinger, near Dorking, Surrey, and will eventually split, Time to come to Sussex (as already stated) and the Magnetic Observatory to seek peace in North Devon, away from the interference of electric railways.

Meantime the staffs everywhere work until the last possible moment before being transplanted. Programmes of astronomical research and observation sometimes take as long as twenty-five years to complete. Even apart from the day-to-day services it renders, therefore, the Observatory cannot close down, and pains have to be taken that the different sections of the move should be carried out with a minimum of dislocation of work.

Those already working at Herstmonceux have a day which begins at 8.30 a.m. and ends at 5 p.m. If they have no car, they catch the Observatory coach to bring them within reach of public transport. The work is pleasant in such a setting in summer, but in winter, for the scientists who have the dome of a telescope house open for observations on a clear, frosty night (no heating is permissible, because of the disturbance to the atmosphere which would be caused by the hot air rising) it is a cold job. Neither scientists nor computers, however, suffer the severe conditions of 100 years ago, when observers were often on duty for twenty-one hours at a stretch, and boys who did routine calculations regularly worked a twelve-hour day at their desks.

From now to October, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, the visiting public pays its shillings to the Admiralty to wander through the gardens and gaze at the beauty of the Castle. But there will be more for everyone to see when the larger telescopes, including the 36-in. reflector from Greenwich, presented in 1934 by William Johnston Yapp to commemorate the services of Sir Frank Dyson as Astronomer Royal, and the new Isaac Newton are installed and brought into use.

By then, in a setting and an atmosphere ideally suited for its observations, the Royal Observatory, the oldest scientific institution in Great Britain, which now touches the daily lives of us all, will be settling into a longer and stronger stride in exploring the heavens. The old "Greenwich," among many other great achievements, successfully forecast the return of Halley's Comet, weighed the earth for the first time, and helped by observation to prove Einstein's theory of relativity. Great tasks are ahead for the new.

Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the tenth Astronomer Royal, who bridges the change-over, has held office since 1933, was previously His Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, and was awarded the Royal Medal of the Royal Society in 1943. His contributions to science include the most precise measurement yet made of the sun's distance from the earth. Observations of the temperatures and other facts about stars of different colours—red, yellow and blue—are now of great importance. The new giant telescope will allow the Observatory to see further, or in greater detail as desired. And, nearer home, there is a chance of finding out with the crystal clocks what exactly happens when nodding Mother Earth falters in her paces, and varies the length of her twenty-four-hour working day, though only by a few thousandths of a second.

WREN'S PALACE IN THE MALL

Marlborough House, which Stands on Part of the Old Pheasantry of St. James's Palace, is Empty Again, After Adding Yet Another Chapter in its Service to the Blood Royal

By JOHN GORE

LONDON has a long history. Pall Mall and St. James's, with their fine and ancient buildings, seem specially to document its antiquity, yet one can always surprise oneself with a reminder that even this part of Central London was only retrieved from rusticity quite a short time ago in London's history. In Aggas' map of Charing and St. James's dated 1578, the only developed ground lay close round the Cross, to the north the walled mews of many buildings on the east side of St. Martin's Lane. East and south-east to the river bank the Strand development from Scotland Yard away to the City, and westward only the walled garden called Spring Garden. To the south lay the broad road to Whitehall (a garden city in itself) and Westminster.

West of the Spring Garden lay St. James's fenced Park, with St. James's Fields to the north intersected by two country roads, Haymarket and Hedge Lane. These fields stretched between Piccadilly and Pall Mall all the way to St. James's Palace, a rustic slope with no building save a conduit. St. James's Park was still very boggy and the haunt of wild life of every kind. Much of it (80 acres) had been an appurtenance of the Leper Hospital "for 14 leprous virgins," long established on the present site of St. James's Palace. It was Henry VIII who appropriated and fenced this appurtenance, but left it very much as it was. Some trees were planted and most of them were blown down in the great gale which raged when Cromwell lay dying. Early in the seventeenth century James I laid out part of the site of Buckingham Palace as a mulberry garden to encourage a native silk industry. The formalisation of the Park was the work of Charles II, who employed Le Notre to lay it out after drainage. Avenues of elms and limes were planted, and a long, straight canal was dug to contain the waters of Rosamund's Pond and other springs.

This formalisation improved the amenities of that area, so handy to Whitehall, and St. James's Fields began to be converted by favoured nobles into St. James's Square, while other favourites secured sites all along the fence and wall which contained the Park on the north side, among them Nell Gwynne. A portion of the mound on which she sometimes stood to gossip with the King, as he walked below in his new deer park, is still visible in the garden of Marlborough House. It must have been pleasant to look down into the reserve, where one might observe every kind of animal from antelope, elk, red deer and roebuck, down to duck of many varieties which the King loved to feed. Such was the scene and setting where Marlborough House now stands, only three-and-a-half centuries ago, a mere sliver in time chipped from London's long history. But much of the rurality of the scene survived two centuries more, and relics of it into my own lifetime, when cows were still being milked over against the Horse Guards.

Wren's Palace.—When John Timbs was completing his *Curiosities of London*, he did not include Marlborough House in his clumsy index among "Royal Palaces." In 1850, and for the next few years, the great house was in a state of transition, being repaired and enlarged for the Prince of Wales, on whom it was settled in 1850. In the previous century and a half it had played many parts in or on the fringe of history.

It was built in 1709 by Wren for the 1st Duke of Marlborough, to the annoyance of Vanbrugh, who was passed over. The land on which it stands had been part of the Pheasantry of St. James's Palace and the garden of Mr. Secretary Boyle, which had been filched from the Park. Queen Anne had leased this site to Duchess Sarah, and the Duke, one way and another, paid £50,000 for the job. In this great house of red brick, the Duke died in 1722, but the Duchess lived on for many years longer, sometimes scornfully speaking of her "neighbour George" at St. James's. At this time, St. James's Street had only begun to be properly developed and was a disreputable haunt. Nevertheless, the great house certainly deserved a more imposing entrance, and the Duchess had planned and even begun a noble archway; but Walpole frustrated her efforts to acquire the necessary extra ground space. She altered the house from time to time, and Wren's work is to-day confused with many additions to the two-storied rectangular original with its projecting wings. Later in the eighteenth century an attic storey was added, and in the nineteenth the building was again raised on the south side.

Inside, the alterations were even more radical, but the famous murals by Laguerre, painted in Marlborough's early years of tenancy, were, and are, fixtures, and the main staircase of black marble and iron is original. In 1817 the Crown resumed possession of the house, and it was allocated to Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, and the Prince stayed on as a widower for some years. After William IV's death, it was Queen Adelaide's home. George IV had had a project to connect St. James's Palace, Marlborough House and Carlton House with a great gallery to house the Royal pictures. It failed and as a result the Gallery went elsewhere and Nash's Carlton façades took its place.

In Edwardian Days.—When the house was settled on the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) on his attaining his eighteenth year, its history becomes more or less common knowledge. In this interval before the Prince moved in, the house was used as a museum and as a lecture hall, following the new impetus created by the Great Exhibition.

There were many alterations made for the Prince of Wales, a new entrance-hall to the north allowed the older to be converted into a great salon, and the famous Laguerre paintings were then cleared of coatings of whitewash which had long hidden them. New stables were built to hold fifty horses and to house State carriages, and the quadrangle was lit with gas and "provided with manure-pits, water-tanks and trapped drains."

The Chapel, of brick and Portland stone, is nearly a century older than the house. It was begun about 1623 by Inigo Jones, but was so long a-building that it does not appear in Hollar's Views (1660), but it figures in a view of 1690 as "Catherine of Braganza's chapel."

The garden is large, attractive, private and quiet.

No doubt at all, from a social point of view, the great days of Marlborough House were during the Prince's long tenancy, when the Edwardian Era had its Victorian beginning and the "Marlborough House Set" came and went for balls, parties, dinners and garden parties. Here the children of the Prince, Princes Eddy and George (George V), and their sisters played the games of childhood, were drilled, and, when the fashion came in, wobbled on bicycles. But by that time they were growing up. Here also came Princess May of Teck to play with her cousins of Wales and to find them "rather rough."

From Generation to Generation.—And here also played the children of the next generation of Wales, Edward VIII, George VI, and their brothers and sister. In the garden the Royal children endured the same drilling by Guardsmen, the cricket which the elders sometimes shared, Mr. Hansell's lessons in history without tears, and peeps at the changing of the Guard. The Duke of Windsor gave some memories of the house in his *A King's Story*.

He was eight years old when his parents moved in, and at that tender age showed no great enthusiasm for even so splendid and policied a London house. He sighed for the country in nursery days and onwards. He and his brothers and sister were lodged on the third floor, with a view across to Buckingham Palace. The glories of the reception rooms left small impression on his mind, but not so Laguerre's murals of Marlborough's victories. "These fascinated me, for around the heroic and commanding figures of the Duke and his generals lay the débris of battle; dead and dying soldiers and horses and shattered cannon. The agonised expression of some of the wounded redcoats, painted with fine realism, haunted my boyhood dreams of a warrior's life; and the pathetic glint in the eye of a maimed animal is still imprinted on my memory." On the same vast stricken field of Western Europe, he was in a few years to record personal impressions of the horrors of war, and perhaps this vivid and genuine impression in childhood of early eighteenth-century warfare was coloured with personal memories of warfare 200 years after. No doubt the great house did something to form his character and his tastes, but it never won his love.

The only occasion on which I had an unfettered opportunity to poke about on every floor of the house was while it was in the hands of the decorators who were "making it habitable" for yet another Prince of Wales, the Duke of Windsor himself. He never lived in it. It is doubtful if he ever meant to do so under any circumstances, but the work went forward with hope, and certainly there were many things which needed doing to make it endurable by modern standards of hygiene and comfort, even after the "luxurious reforms" and fittings which his grandfather had regarded as "the last word." One or two of the bathrooms, I remember, were still museum pieces, more like catafalques and very difficult to approach. When the work was completed, the house remained for some time untenanted; indeed, until Queen Mary moved in after yet another large-scale refurbishing.

She in her tenancy up to her death made the house all glorious within, a treasure-house of works of art, revealed, renewed and imported. And now it is empty again and will perhaps so remain until Clarence House is required for another family and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother takes up her residence there.

There are a large number of Royal palaces in the London area alone, but Marlborough House would be my choice among them if I were in the purple.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, TRADITIONALLY THE HOME OF THE PRINCE OF WALES OR OF THE QUEEN MOTHER: *Left*—The house in *circa* 1750, from a print by Sutton Nichols (reproduced by permission of the Parker Gallery), and, *on right*, the house when it was the residence of Queen Mary.

INSIDE THE HOUSE AND INSIDE THE CHAPEL: *Left*—A corner of the State Drawing Room with its ornate ceiling and fine chandeliers. *Right*—The Queen's chapel as it appeared after restoration in 1951.

TENSION IN SOUTH KOREA

Young Men and Women in the South Korean Capital Stage Large-scale Demonstrations Against the Terms of the Proposed Armistice

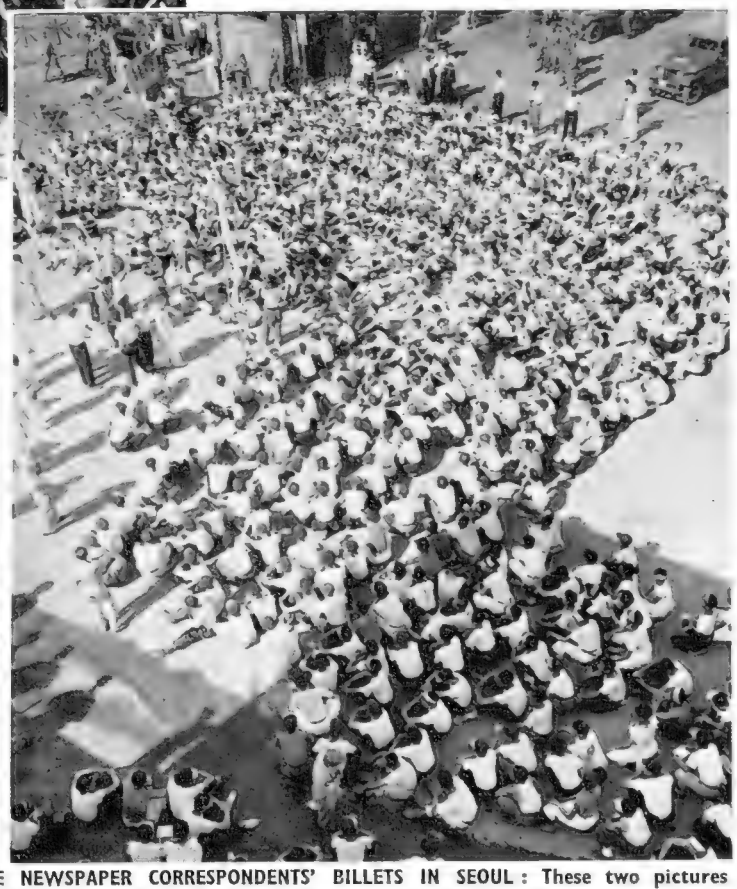
SOUTH KOREANS IN SEOUL DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE PROPOSED ARMISTICE : This man has the slogans "Advance to the North" and "Unification" written in Korean characters on his shirt front. He was taking part in the widespread demonstrations which have occurred during the past weeks in the South Korean capital.

AMERICAN TROOPS AND KOREAN POLICE GUARDING THE EIGHTH ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN SEOUL FROM NOISY DEMONSTRATORS : Waving banners and flags the crowd, which seems to have consisted mainly of schoolgirls, was protesting against the armistice terms proposed at Panmunjom between the United Nations forces and the Communists.

During the many long and weary months when the armistice talks at Panmunjom dragged on interminably without any apparent sign of success, there was nothing to indicate that the South Korean Government was ill-disposed towards the United Nations' efforts to end the war. But the moment it became clear that the Communists genuinely wanted peace and that armistice terms would be quickly agreed upon, President Syngman Rhee, whose record as a democratic ruler has not been without blemish, showed signs of the most violent opposition.

The climax came after weeks of anti-truce demonstrations, when at least 25,000 North Korean prisoners-of-war, classified as anti-Communist, were allowed to escape from their camps in South Korea, a development which caused consternation in Washington. In the House of Commons, Sir Winston Churchill said he was shocked and grieved by this occurrence, but that he still hoped that the truce which was so nearly arranged would not be prevented.

KOREAN SCHOOLBOYS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE ARMISTICE TERMS : Milling round newspaper correspondents' billets in Seoul they shouted anti-armistice slogans and chanted "Yankees, go home!" Some of the newspapermen are seen standing in the foreground of the picture.



CHANTING OPPOSITION TO THE TRUCE—KOREAN YOUTHS SQUATTING IN THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS' BILLETS IN SEOUL : These two pictures were taken during one of the demonstrations which occurred before the opposition campaign reached its height. On this occasion the demonstrators were peaceful, but a few days afterwards it was reported the excited youngsters had taken to throwing stones and American soldiers had to fire over their heads.

MIDSUMMER SURVEY

A Pictorial Record of Home Events in June

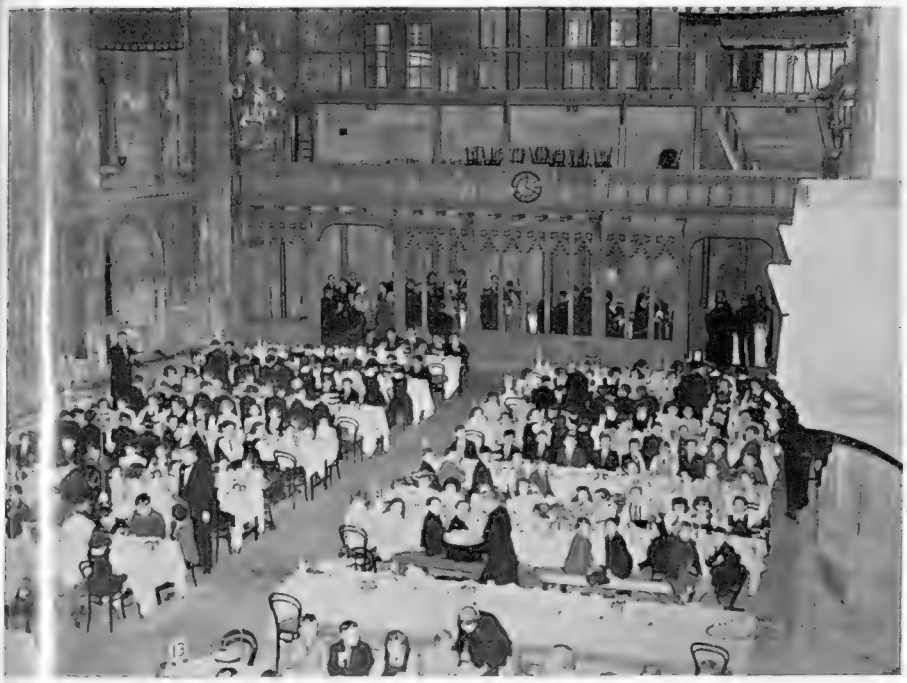
THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND HYDRO-ELECTRIC BOARD'S NEW DAM ON THE RIVER GAUER, WHICH WAS OPENED ON JUNE 20 BY MR. MENZIES, THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME M ER : *On left*—Workmen engaged on the crescent-shaped dam which will eventually raise Loch Eigheach by 30 ft. *On right*—A view of the dam from the shores of t och. The rocks in the foreground are typical of the rugged country a few miles from Rannoch, on the fringe of the Rannoch moor, in West Perthshire, where th auer hydro-electric scheme is being built. The new dam is 40 ft. high and 370 ft. long, and the power station on the River Gauer will produce 17,000,000 units year.

POTENTATES FROM THE MIDDLE EAST VISIT THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY'S REFINERY ON THE ISLE OF GRAIN : The Sultan of Lahej, who was visiting England for the Coronation, with Mr. C. S. Cleverly, general manager of the Kent refinery, during a tour of the plant. Members of the Sultan's suite and six of the Aden Protectorate Sheikhs were also in the party. Although the Isle of Grain refinery was inundated by the floods of last February, when it was about to start production, it was in action less than a month afterwards.

HUTTON AND SIMPSON SQUEEZE THROUGH THE CROWD AT THE END OF THE FIRST TEST MATCH AT TRENT BRIDGE : *On left*—Alec Bedser, whose bowling was the highlight of the match, seen in action. The first Test of 1953 will be remembered for two things : the bowling of Lindwall and Bedser, and the weather. In the intermittent play that took place during the first day, Australia managed to muster 157 runs for three, with Bedser taking all three wickets and bowling twenty-five overs for 26 runs. The second day of the match was one of many surprises. Bedser, armed with a new ball and ably backed up by Bailey, dismissed the rest of the Australians for a further 97 runs. England, gaining this apparent initial advantage, then went in to bat. From this point the wickets fell thick and fast. England were all out for 144, and Australia in their second innings were dismissed for 123, leaving England two days in which to score 229. England, batting against the weather as well as the Australian XI, put on 120 runs for 1. The match was drawn, but there were few people who denied that it was a moral victory for England.

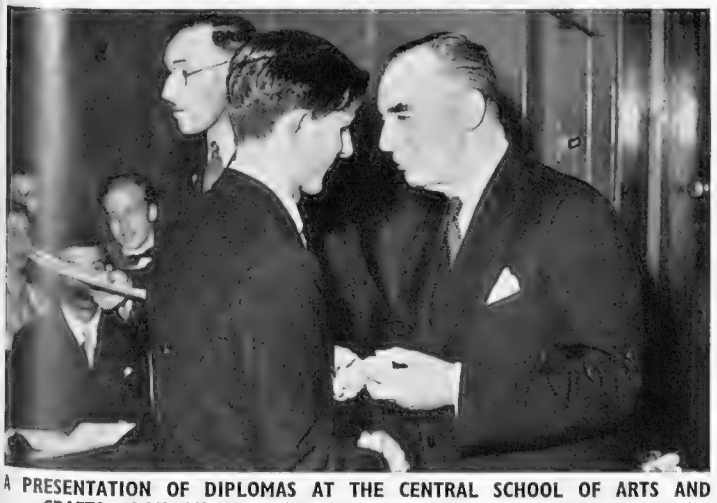
THE WEIGH-IN AFTER THE INTERNATIONAL ANGLING MATCH ON LOCH LEVEN, SCOTLAND : Mr. R. Stark, the head boatman (wearing a cap), checking a catch of fine trout after the competition. The Scottish team won, with fifty-five trout weighing 53 lb. 4 ozs. This gave them a comfortable lead over the Welsh, who were second, with twenty-nine trout weighing 32 lb. 9 ozs. Altogether there were forty-eight anglers fishing the Loch, representing twelve rods each from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. After a week of brilliant sunshine there were fears that conditions would not be favourable for the event, but heavy clouds, slight rain and a fresh breeze came just in time. The total catch of the day was 126 trout weighing 125 lb. 15 ozs.

ANGLERS FROM ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, WALES AND IRELAND PREPARING TO LEAVE THE PIER AT KINROSS FOR THE START OF THE LOCH LEVEN ANGLING COMPETITION : Each country was represented by a team of twelve, and the winners were Scotland, with a catch of 53 lb. 4 ozs. Fishing on the Scottish Lochs has given better results during the past few weeks than many of the usually first-class rivers.



PRIMARY SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE ENTERTAINED AT THE GUILDHALL IN LONDON : The children, who came from the only two remaining primary schools in the City of London—the Sir John Cass Foundation School and the Coleman Street Ward School—were entertained by the Corporation of London, as part of the Coronation celebrations. After the tea, the Lord Mayor of London gave a short talk to the children, who were later entertained by a conjuror. Before going home the school children were given Coronation souvenirs of crown pieces, and a booklet published by the National Playing Fields Association. During the afternoon a telegram conveying loyal greetings was sent to the Queen.

THE "CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE" FOR OLD CARS AT CHELTENHAM—A 1904 CADILLAC TAKING PART IN ONE OF THE TESTS : The owner of this car is Mr. Welham, of Cheltenham, and he is seen competing in the Le Mans Test, where the driver has to run a certain distance to his car before starting up. Veteran cars from all parts of the country went to Cheltenham for this rally.



A PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS AT THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, LONDON : Martin C. Grierson receiving a diploma for interior design and furniture design from Mr. Walter John Worboys, the commercial director of Imperial Chemical Industries and Chairman of the Council of Industrial Design. The Presentation was to third-year students of this important L.C.C. school of art, and there was also an exhibition of the pupils' work.

A GIANT ROAD TRAIN IS GIVEN A TRIAL RUN FROM BIRMINGHAM TO NEWPORT : The two Thorneycroft "Mighty Antar" tractors and a Crane 120-ton transporter, are seen on the road between Gloucester and Ross-on-Wye. This is one of the largest road trains ever to be built in this country for export, and the weight of the two tractors and the trailer is 123 tons, unloaded. The overall length is 131 ft. The road train has been built for the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority in New South Wales, who, by extending the supply of both water and power, hope to expand industry in New South Wales, and to increase the food supply in that area.

ONE OF THE BIGGEST CROWDS EVER SEEN ON AN ENGLISH POLO GROUND WITNESSES THE FINAL OF THE CORONATION CUP AT COWDRAY PARK : This was the scene on the celebrated Sussex polo ground as England and Argentina took part in a close-fought struggle, which was witnessed by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Cup was first played for in 1911, King George V's Coronation year, and until the disappearance of the Ranelagh Club this was one of its most cherished trophies. It was reckoned that 12,000 spectators were present. In addition to the international final, won by Argentina 7—6, they also saw the Duke play for the home team, which beat Whiphill in the final of the Novices Cup. After the day's play the Argentinians entertained the home players and 300 guests to a barbecue at the South Downs village of Bepton. Six lambs were roasted whole and there were 100 steaks from a prime Argentine ox.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT THE COWDRAY POLO FINAL

And They See the Argentine Team Beat England 7—6 in the Final of the Coronation Cup; the Duke in the Novices Cup Final

THE SEMI-FINAL OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S CUP AT ROEHAMPTON : The American team Meadowbrook playing Woolmers Park in the semi-final. This was played during last week, and last Sunday Meadowbrook went to Cowdray to meet the home team Cowdray Park in the final, Meadowbrook winning in the last chukka.

A MELEE ON THE LINES AT COWDRAY PARK : The final of the Coronation Cup in progress last Sunday. On the right (No. 4) is A. Mihanovitch, of Argentina, who played a considerable part in the victory of the visiting team.

THE QUEEN PRESENTED THE PRIZES, AND THERE WAS ONE FOR THE DUKE : *Left*—The Duke of Edinburgh receiving the Novices Cup on behalf of his team, which won convincingly by 5—0. *Right*—The Queen presenting the awards to the Argentine team. Beside her stands the magnificent trophy known as the Coronation Cup. If England had taken the opportunities offered, Argentina would clearly have been robbed of their expected victory, the play being very even throughout.

DRIVERS RUNNING FOR THEIR CARS ON THE PISTOL-SHOT WHICH STARTED THE LE MANS TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR ENDURANCE GRAND PRIX : Four Jaguars finished first, second, fourth and ninth, and altogether there were eight British cars finishing in the first fourteen. The winning Jaguar, which was driven by Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton, covered 2,540 miles in the twenty-four hours of the race at an average speed of 105.6 m.p.h.

BRITISH VICTORIES AT LE MANS

Three Jaguars in the First Four Places Achieve a Great British Motor-Racing Triumph

The twenty-four-hour Grand Prix d'Endurance, which is virtually the sports car championship of the world, was one of Britain's greatest motor-racing triumphs. The race was won magnificently by a British Jaguar driven by Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton at the record speed of 105.6 miles an hour, the first time the race has been won at more than 100 miles an hour. The other two cars of the Jaguar team finished second and fourth, while yet another Jaguar, privately owned and driven by two Belgians, came ninth. The third place went to an American—Cunningham.

Several other British cars finished high among the survivors. A Nash-Healey, driven by Leslie Johnson and Bert Hadley, took eleventh place; an Austin-Healey, driven by Gatsonides and Johnnie Lockett, was twelfth; a Frazer Nash, driven by Ken Wharton and P. Mitchell, was thirteenth; and the Austin-Healey driven by Becquart and Gordon Wilkins took fourteenth place.

A number of accidents, one of which proved to be fatal, marred the race. Tom Cole, a naturalised American, driving one of the fastest Ferraris, went off the road at the dangerous White House Bends and was killed when his car overturned. Another victim was Tommy Wisdom, who was driving one of the new Bristols. This car also went off the road during the night and caught fire, Wisdom being burned and cut about the face.

DRIVERS OF THE WINNING BRITISH JAGUAR AT LE MANS : Duncan Hamilton (left) and Tony Rolt (right) with Mr. William Lyons, Chairman of the Jaguar Car Co.

THE RUNNER-UP MAKES THE PACE : No. 17, the Jaguar driven by Stirling Moss and Peter Walker, which came second, leading No. 18, driven by Duncan Hamilton and Tony Rolt, which later during the gruelling race roared into the lead to win by as much as three laps.

THE AMERICAN-MADE CUNNINGHAM, DRIVEN BY JOHN FITCH AND PETER WALTERS, WHICH CAME THIRD : This car managed by only one lap to beat the third Jaguar into third place. The speed and comparative reliability of the Cunninghams was one of the surprises of the race.

A GENDARME EXAMINING THE WRECKED FERRARI IN WHICH THE AMERICAN DRIVER TOM COLE WAS KILLED DURING THE RACE : The car shot off the track when taking the White House corner at about 100 m.p.h.

NIGHTFALL AT LE MANS—THE BRILLIANTLY-ILLUMINATED TRACK AFTER DARKNESS DURING THE ENDURANCE GRAND PRIX : One by one during the night retirements shortened the field, the speed of the leading cars being so great that very few of the drivers could hold the pace.

The Sphere of Travel

The Pleasures of the BERNESE OBERLAND

Here, Amid Some of Switzerland's Finest Scenery, the Holiday-maker Will Find a Wide Range of Interests and Attractions

LOOKING ACROSS THE LAKE OF THUN FROM HILTERFINGEN: This lake has an area of 18 sq. miles. Its great attraction is the magnificent views it affords of the peaks of the Bernese Oberland. Its shores provide grand opportunities for those who enjoy a walking holiday, while for yachtsmen it makes an ideal resort, with boats available to suit various tastes, for hire for days and half-days, with instructors. The north shore of the lake enjoys an unusually mild climate, being sheltered from the north and east winds.

WHEN people talk of Switzerland as being "the playground of Europe," I think no part of the country better illustrates this claim to pre-eminence and to human pleasure than the Bernese Oberland. With the British it has, of course, for many generations been a favourite area. Just to mention such names as Interlaken, the Jungfrau, Adelboden, Kandersteg, Grindelwald, Wengen, Mürren, Thun and its lake, brings to many of us a flood of delightful memories, and to countless thousands this district has provided the best of all initiations into the wonders of majestic mountain scenery.

The diversity of the scenery, too, is quite amazing. You can, for instance, breakfast in a sub-tropical countryside, say at some resort on Lake Thun, then journey up to a region of Alpine plants, and finally arrive in time for lunch amidst a land of eternal snow and ice. Again, there is its rich variety of holiday interests, for even in Switzerland I can think of no other part of the country that can equal it. Consider the following list, representing just a few of the more important attractions.

At Interlaken, the famous resort which is the centre of the district, there is gambling, opera, concerts, theatrical performances at the Casino; excellent excursion facilities; and, not least in appeal, one of the finest views of the Jungfrau. At Hilterfingen, on Lake Thun, there is the first-established inland-water sailing school in Europe. At the St. Beatus Caves, above Lake Thun, there are stalactite caverns, complete with huge chambers, gorges and subterranean waterfalls illuminated by electricity. An added attraction is the realistic reconstruction of a prehistoric dwelling. At Spiez, on Lake Thun, there is an historic castle, an eleventh-century church and an interesting historical museum. At Harder, above Interlaken, there is a game reserve where ibex and marmots can be seen. At Schynige Platte there is an Alpine garden with hundreds of species of plants, flowers and grasses. At Wengen there is an electrically-heated open-air swimming-bath so that you can take a pleasant dip even when there is snow all around on the ground. At Grindelwald there are splendid horse-riding facilities. At Rosenlaui there is a mountaineering school. At Brienz there is a school of wood-carving, for this is the centre of this typical Swiss industry. At the Jungfraujoch it is possible to ski and skate in the middle of summer, and to go for a dog-drawn sleigh ride. At Frutigen, an important ivory-carving industry is carried on, the elephant tusks being imported from the Belgian Congo. At Lauterbrunnen lovely *torchon* lace is hand-made. At Meirigen there are the Reichenbach Falls, over which Sherlock Holmes fell to his death—only to be brought back to life later by Conan Doyle. When you see these falls, you may well wonder how this miracle occurred!

Then, to cap this astonishing tourist-menu, there is the Three-Passes trip, the most spectacular excursion in Switzerland; and also the ascent to the Jungfraujoch by the Jungfrau Railway, one of the seven engineering wonders of the world.

In fact, there is only one serious omission from my list: there is not a single golf-course in the Bernese Oberland, although elsewhere in Switzerland there are a number of them.

It is obvious that with so many diverse attractions it is not easy to make any specific recommendations concerning the resorts. Obviously the ideal decision hinges largely upon individual tastes and requirements. For a newcomer, my suggestion would be to make Interlaken a headquarters for three or four nights, and from this centre to make excursions. By this means, you could discover for yourself the resort best suited for the remainder of your holiday.

If you seek a lakeside resort, then you should soon find some place to suit you along the shores of Lake Thun, at whose eastern end lies Interlaken. There are daily steamship services which criss-cross the lake, calling at the small ports; also a railway along the south bank, and an electric tram on the north side. The north shore is the more sheltered side, and here there are the villages of Hilterfingen, Oberhofen, Gunten and Merlingen. Then, also on this side and overlooking the lake from above, there is the popular mountain resort of Beatenberg (3,700 ft.), which lies on a slightly rising mountain terrace, covered with woods, and affording a glorious view of the silver chain of mountains to the south; with the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau in their centre.

But Spiez, on the southern shore, also merits consideration, for apart from its own charms, it is an excellent excursion centre, being on the main line between Berne and Interlaken, as well as being a junction for the railway to Montreux and for the line to Brig. This latter scenic route takes you past Kandersteg, in its high valley, surrounded by a number of mountain peaks; while from Frutigen, halfway between Spiez and Kandersteg, there is a postal-coach link with the well-known resort of Adelboden. Incidentally, thanks to the excellent services of the Swiss Railways, it is comfortably possible to make interesting day trips quite far afield from Spiez or Interlaken: to Lake Lucerne, to Berne, to Montreux, Lausanne and the Lake of Geneva, and even to Zermatt and the Gornergrat. Before leaving home you should enquire from your travel agent about railway concession tickets, which are of great benefit to those contemplating a number of excursions.

You may, however, want to holiday up in the mountains of the Bernese Oberland. In addition to Kandersteg and Adelboden, there are the three noted resorts of Mürren, Wengen and Grindelwald, as well as a number of smaller places. Now one of the things I have learned in my travels through Switzerland is the existence of an intense local pride—a pride which often casts a rather disparaging and glum eye at any competing resort. Diplomatically, therefore, I will not favour any of these three places I have named, and would prefer to make the perfectly just statement that each has its fervent British adherents, many of them annual visitors to their chosen spot, which they claim represents mountain perfection. All of them, too, are well-organised in the way of holiday attractions and amenities, including a range of excellent hotels, many of them family-run.

Dominating the whole of this part of the Bernese Oberland is the mighty and insidious peak of the Jungfrau, whose summit fortunately has still to be reached on foot and not by mountain railway. Long may this vandalism be spared us. But most visitors, except those with weak hearts, will certainly want to reach the Jungfraujoch by the remarkable railway which commences from the junction at Kleine Scheidegg. (To save on your travel allowance, it is possible to make the Jungfraujoch your terminal station when booking your journey from England.)

As you can purchase locally an excellent booklet (in English) there is no need for me to give further details about this marvel of railway construction. Then, at the Jungfraujoch, there is much to see, so do not hurry your visit. The view alone from the observation terraces grips one tremendously. You may even care to lodge for a night in the comfortable Berghaus Hotel (whose manager has spent most of his life there) or in the near-by unpretentious tourist house, so that you can enjoy the wonderful effects to be seen at sunset and at dawn. Clear weather is an essential to a satisfactory visit

There is just one more interesting centre in the Bernese Oberland I would wish to mention: Meiringen. It is the starting-point for the Three Passes tour, which no visitor should miss, and as it is also a rail junction for the Brunig Pass line to Lucerne, you are within easy reach of a variety of lovely places outside the Bernese Oberland boundaries. The church at Meiringen has a Romanesque crypt and some interesting fourteenth-century frescoes. Along with Brienz, this little town is the main centre of the Oberland woodcarving craft. The surrounding countryside is also most picturesque, with its green hills and high, rooky crags from which waterfalls tumble down like white ribbons or airy veils. And, of course, no Sherlock Holmes lover should miss a pilgrimage to the near-by Reichenbach Falls.

Gordon Cooper

ORCHARDS NEAR THE SHORES OF THUN: Daily steamer services criss-cross the lake, and it is possible to find good accommodation at reasonable prices in all the villages and towns along the shore.

The Union Castle Centenary Volume.—The pioneering of the great Cape route is one of the romances of the age of steam in merchant shipping, and this year marks its centenary, as readers of THE SPHERE will be aware who read the special feature published in the issue of June 13. A permanent record of the centenary is provided by Marischal Murray in his excellent new volume *Union Castle Chronicle* 1853-1953 (Longmans Green. 21s.), in which the author describes the exciting struggle in the early days between the Union Line and the Castle Line before the two amalgamated at the beginning of the century. The story shows also how the Union Castle Company has played its part in two World Wars, and emerges to-day with one of the finest merchant fleets afloat. The illustrations cover many interesting episodes in the company's history, and show almost every type of vessel that has been employed from the 1850's down to the present day.

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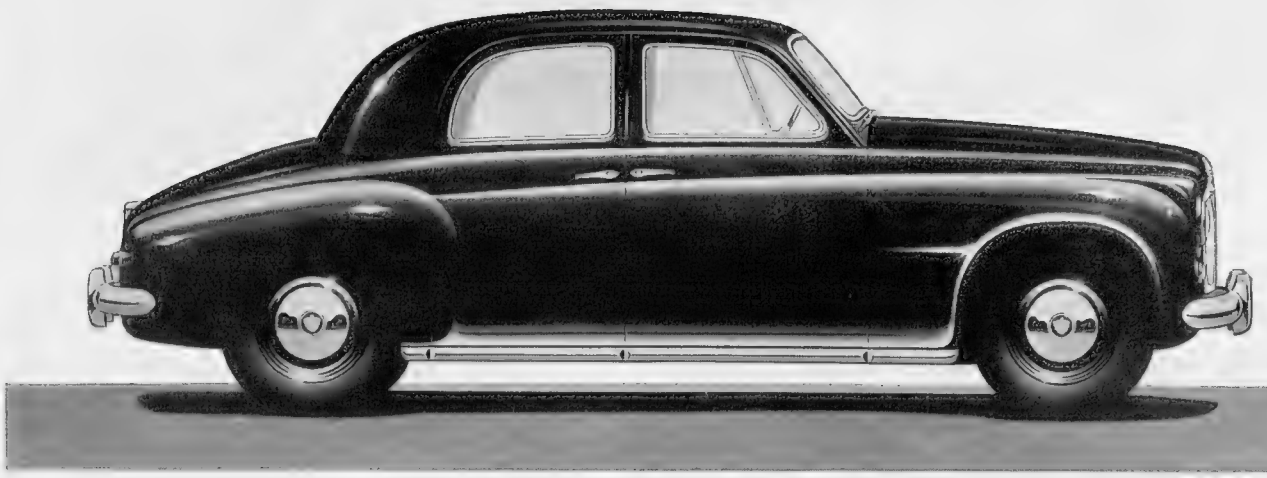

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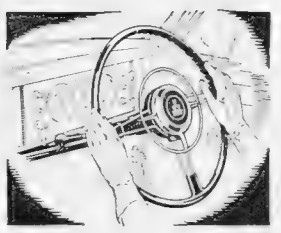

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A WINTER OF ENDURANCE

The Courageous Story of a Lonely Winter Spent in the Alaskan Wilderness; And other New Books mainly about People

IN this month when we have heard of such feats of valour and endurance, comes yet another story of an heroic feat, this time by a woman, and one who was neither an explorer, an athlete, nor anything more spectacular than the wife of a gold-miner who would spend one or two of the summer months with her husband and son in the Alaskan wilderness. At the end of one summer when the boy had already gone back to school and the husband was off on a day's trip on the sea, Mrs. Martha Martin was preparing the cabin for the winter and collecting last samples from the mine. On the way along the side of a canyon a landslide struck her, injuring her terribly. Her husband, she thought, might have been killed in the same storm, and she was left to survive the Alaskan winter, nurse herself back to health and give birth to the child she was expecting. O RUGGED LAND OF GOLD (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is her story in her own words, simple, spirited and infinitely courageous.

CHRONICLE OF A LIFE (Heinemann. 25s.) is a book of memoirs by Herr Siegfried Trebitsch, who has two claims to fame and recognition: he was the translator of George Bernard Shaw's plays into German and the active instrument of Shaw's popularity in Germany, and he was the founder of the international P.E.N. Club. In the course of a long life—Herr Trebitsch, who is now living in Switzerland, is in his eighties—he has made the acquaintance of many of the European men of letters of his times and, as in the case of Stefan Zweig and Shaw himself, has formed close friendships with them. Of these, and of the literary movements in Vienna and Berlin, we can read in these pages which are informed with the writer's characteristic style of technical thoroughness.

PICKWORK AT ANTHEOR—DEPTH 10 FATHOMS: This is a reproduction from *The Undersea Adventure* (Sidgwick and Jackson. 18s.) by Philippe Diolé and translated by Alan Ross. In his story M. Diolé, who is General Director of Undersea Archæological Research for the French National Museums, and who makes use of the Cousteau simplified compressed-air diving equipment, describes what the diver sees, feels and thinks when he is below the surface of the ocean—whether he is a few fathoms down or on the sea-bed.

Mr. Philip Hamburger has chosen to write his "portrait" of one of America's most successful novelists in the form of a short novel, as that writer might have composed it himself. An amusing device for those who are thoroughly familiar with the author's works and style, and only mildly irritating for those who aren't. J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE (Robert Hale. 8s. 6d.) is, on the whole, an entertaining little study of the author of *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, and contains some first-rate anecdotes about the subject of the biography and some of his literary pals. My choice was for the story about Sinclair Lewis, who was scheduled to address a class in writing at one of the universities. The room was filled to overflowing when Lewis stood up before the group. "How many of you here want to write?" he asked. All present raised their hands. "Then why in the hell aren't you home writing?" shouted Lewis, and sat down.

LIFE'S ALL A FRAGMENT (Cassell. 18s.) is a book of four long essays, each of them a study of a man, or men, whose lives showed more than ordinarily brilliant promise, and whose careers were cut untimely short. Sir Charles Tennyson has written of Charles Dennis Fisher, whose early potentialities were so great that it was thought no exalted position was beyond his grasp, and who was killed at Jutland; of J. C. Snaith, who built a reputation as a serious novelist under the most difficult of circumstances; of Roy Francis Truscott, who lived for the service of his fellow men, and of Julian and Penrose Tennyson, the author's own sons, who were both killed during the war. Each part of the book has been written, and the whole volume planned as an evident labour of love, and that gives it a great poignancy and a deep insight into character.

Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart, with some courage, has undertaken to write yet another book about the First Gentleman of Europe, concentrating her attention and her research on the Regency period alone, and more or less ignoring the Prince of Wales and the George IV eras. As Regent, Miss Stuart maintains that he was at the height of his powers and the full flowering of his especial qualities and foibles, and so her PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE REGENT (Methuen. 18s.) is very exactly that. It is entertaining rather than profound, has several new things to say about Prinny, and a light and elegant touch in its writing that its subject might well have appreciated.

Maurice Sachs, who died in April 1945, was one of the most curious figures of contemporary letters, so odd, indeed, that eight years later controversy is still active on the theme of his deeds and misdeeds. Nor are they the product of idle rumour. Sachs wrote about them all himself with a candour that, for once, is not in the least disarming. DAY OF WRATH (Arthur Barker. 16s.) is his autobiography, sub-titled with no less than the truth "Confessions of a Turbulent Youth," and translated from the original French by Mr. Robin King. The book was first published in the year of Sachs' death and is here presented with certain cuts, but enough remains to give a very vivid picture of a man who was disreputable, unstable and yet had a certain form of brilliance; who was ruthless and pretty dishonest and yet a friend of Gide's and Cocteau's, and a frequent guest of Maritain's. An extraordinary document, but not, I must grudgingly admit, at all dull.

Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon—a name which proves for the millionth time how much more elegant fact is than fiction—has written a pleasantly discursive and extremely Irish book about travels in Ireland, and with apparent inconsequence has called it MISS FINNIGAN'S FAULT (Cassell. 15s.). It seems that Mr. FitzGibbon is a descendant of that John FitzGibbon who was responsible for the Union of 1800 and was so unpopular that his coffin was pelted with dead cats by the Dublin mob. The current (and talkative) Mr. FitzGibbon decided to do a little family tracing on his own, and in the course of his researches met Miss Finnigan who presided over his favourite Dublin bar and unconsciously altered the direction of his purpose. An amusing, wordy book, and as Irish as that Miss K. ni Houlihan.

If one is genuinely attached to a country, a county or even a village, the most trivial or even unworthy book about it will give one pleasure rather, I suppose, as the enamoured feel when they hear their loved one's name spoken. I feel like this about France, and particularly about certain sections of it, so that when a far from trivial, in fact a sensible and perceptive book about one of those regions appears, you may take it that I am apt to enjoy it and to recommend it to others who feel as I do, and who will equally enjoy SPRINGTIME AT ST. HILAIRE (Museum Press. 15s.), by Eric and Barbara Whelpton.

THINGS I DON'T REMEMBER (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is an enchanting book, amicably settled on the borderline between recollection and invention in a way that does credit to its author, Miss Jeanne de Casalis, whom millions of us also know as *Mrs. Feather*. These short stories and impressions are gaily reminiscent in tone, whether they happened exactly like that or not. In essence they are the purest de Casalis; in effect they are vastly entertaining pieces.

Mr. Angus Wilson has written what he calls a scrapbook of the '20's, and has chosen for it the kind of title one might choose at a games-playing party, FOR WHOM THE CLOCHE TOLLS (Methuen. 10s. 6d.). The volume itself is in the shape of a small scrapbook and illustrated by the line drawings of M. Philippe Jullian. Mr. Wilson's text shows a slightly watered-down red-hot momma of nearly thirty years ago, American rich and pleasure-loving (how sanctimonious that sounds), her debutante daughter and her son, euphemistically called an æsthete. A great deal of the story as told in a series of imaginary letters from friends and relations, and in diary extracts, is amusing and evocative, although neither the author nor the artist is old enough to have experienced the '20's from any but a nursery-window angle. But one thing I must point out, old as I am and young as they are. One does not properly make references to people condemned to death and hanged for murder in order to point up a terribly funny comment. It is, Mr. Wilson, very bad form. Writers, not critics, may also tell you that it is unnecessary.

Miss Phyllis Bentley has written a strongly romantic story set in Yorkshire, which might have been expected, but in a period nearly 150 years ago, which is less familiar. THE HOUSE OF MOREYS (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) reads something like a West Riding du Maurier, and that is perhaps the most surprising of all. In any case, a readable novel that proves how well Miss Bentley does when she abandons the pastel and goes for the hot blood reds and purples.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL THROUGH FOUR CENTURIES (Basil Blackwell. 21s.), *by H. E. M. Icely, has a chapter by R. G. Routh and drawings by E. H. S. Walters.*

The gradual growth of German music is told by Grace O'Brien in **THE GOLDEN AGE OF GERMAN MUSIC AND ITS ORIGINS** (Jarrolds. 16s.). *There are 25 illustrations.*

Coinciding with the holiday season is the publication of **THE OXFORD TRAVEL ATLAS OF BRITAIN** (Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.), *the General Editor of which is D. P. Bickmore.*

LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY (Focal Press. 25s.) *is by Leonard and Marjorie Gayton. In addition to the lengthy explanation of the subject there are many superb pictures.*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ARMY NURSING (Cassell. 21s.), *by Ian Hay, is the story of the British Army Nursing Services from the time of Florence Nightingale to the present day. There is a foreword by her late Majesty Queen Mary.*

Another military book is Roden Orde's story of the Second Household Cavalry Regiment entitled **THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AT WAR** (Gale and Polden. 63s.). *The illustrations (in addition to a photographic section) are by Eric Meade-King*

SAILING FARE

Books for Those Who Go Down to the Sea and Rejoice in Small Boats

Not more than twenty years ago a young man who wanted to learn to sail was often prevented from doing so because neither the information was readily available, nor were the facilities for learning at hand. Yachting had an air of exclusivity about it; not only social but economic. To-day, it has become one of the all-engrossing sports of the younger generation, with Swallows, Fireflies and Cadets crowding our ports and rivers and sailing clubs flourishing and multiplying on every hand. There could be no more encouraging sign of the times, and to meet the demand for information, books on sailing pour from the press in a steady flow, for the most part well-written and well-illustrated books of a really helpful character. Here are four that all call for attention this week.

First and foremost, because it is a volume for beginners, there is John Fisher's HOW TO SAIL (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.). This is a practical, down-to-earth account of how to set about sailing. It is written in plain language with clear diagrams to help, and has two chapters on how to choose a boat, the care of sails, knots and other notions. John Fisher sails at Itchenor, Sussex, and his obvious enthusiasm for this great pastime shines clear on every page.

Cuthbert Mason, better known as "Cutty" Mason, has been "messing about in boats" for many years, and in peacetime and wartime he has had some strange, remarkable experiences which he can relate with rare gusto. In DEEP-SEA RACING (Phœnix House. 21s.), although his pages are crowded with vital information, much of it of a most technical character, the author gives a wonderful general picture of this growingly popular sport, and even when he is at his most practical, Mr. Mason is still his breezy, nautical self. Tactics, handling, navigation and routine afloat are all given special chapters, and there is a spate of advice on that most dreadful of maladies, *hypermesis maritima*. Regarding most seasick cures the author seems doubtful, but he quotes a friend who invariably takes sweet, wholemeal malt biscuits spread with fresh butter surmounted by "a chunk of mouse-trap cheese, the whole well soused in Worcester sauce." Apparently the recipe is an overwhelming success. Others prefer Angostura bitters neat, while diluted iodine also has its devotees. Seasickness, beyond doubt, is just something you cannot dogmatise about. Uffa Fox, a lifelong friend of "Cutty" Mason, provides a brief introduction to this excellent volume.

J. E. Grigsby has produced a timely book entitled ANNALS OF OUR ROYAL YACHTS, 1604-1953 (Adlard Coles, Ltd. 12s. 6d.). He presents the story of our Royal yachts from the Stuart period to the present day, including *Bluebottle* and *Coweslip*, those two fine craft in which the Duke of Edinburgh himself delights to take the helm, and does so, indeed, with rare skill.

Finally, there is a new addition to The Mariners' Library, always an eagerly-awaited event among sailing men. This is Captain Louis Bernicot's THE VOYAGE OF THE ANAHITA (Rupert Hart Davis. 10s. 6d.). This story of a single-handed voyage round the world is translated from the French by none other than Edward Allcard, one of the greatest of our modern-day small-boat navigators. Captain Bernicot's voyage, completed at the end of May 1938, has never had the publicity it has deserved, for his book did not appear until 1942, in the midst of the war years, and then it was only in a French edition. It is a grand story grandly told. Bernicot took in all twenty-one months to go round the world, sailing via the Horn and returning by the Cape.

Where England merges into Wales, the turbulent land once ruled by the Lords Marchers, there is some of the most serenely beautiful scenery in Britain. Officially the Marchland has no boundaries, but Cledwyn Hughes, in his new addition to the Regional books, THE NORTHERN MARCHES (Robert Hale. 18s.), shows the distinctive character of the border folk and the nature of their crafts and industries. He concludes with a record of two journeys he has made in the Marchland. In both cases his starting-point was his home at Llansantffraid, Montgomery. Near Shrewsbury he visited Condover, the birthplace of Richard Tarleton, who is sometimes described as the first English comedian. Tarleton was a remarkable fellow, and Fuller records of him that "when Queen Elizabeth was serious (I dare not say sullen) and out of good humour, he could undumpish her at his pleasure." Mr. Hughes, like Tarleton, is a genial companion on these journeyings, and his book is one of the best of the Regional series to date.

Christopher Marsden's NOTTINGHAMSHIRE (Robert Hale. 18s.) is the latest addition to the County Books, a series which must surely be well on the way to completion. Nottinghamshire has a great river and a great forest, the Trent and Sherwood Forest, and also one of the least-known cathedrals in England, Southwell. Mr. Marsden takes full advantage of his descriptive opportunities, and some fine photographs adorn the text.

Bernard Venables writes on FISHING and Brigadier J. G. Smyth on LAWN TENNIS in the series "British Sports, Past and Present." Both volumes are published by Batsford at 16s. At the end of his volume, Brigadier Smyth indulges in the pleasant game of speculating upon the greatest players of all time in the world of lawn tennis.

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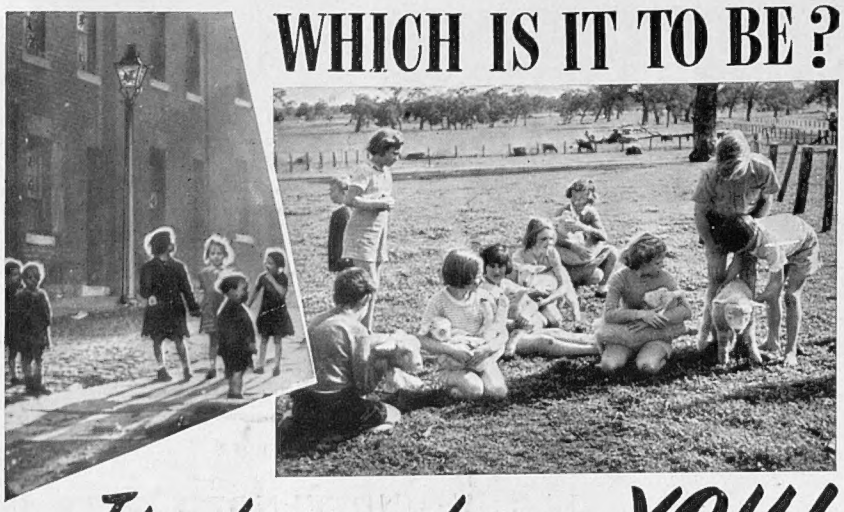

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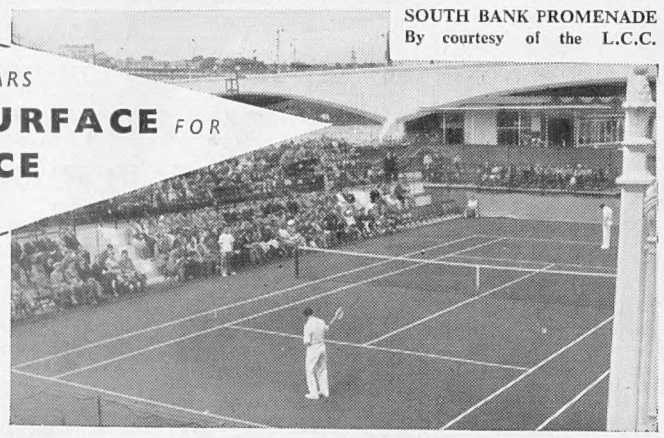

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